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Magazine of Music

CONTAINS—

PORTRAIT of Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

GEMS from the MASTERS.

HYMN TUNES.

MUSIC MADE EASY FOR CHILDREN.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Contributions and Letters intended for publication must be accompanied by the Name and Address of the writer; not necessarily for publication, but for the information of the Editor.

Contributions cannot be returned, unless a stamp is sent for that purpose.

Correspondents are requested to send their MSS. not later than the 24th of each month, and to forward a notice of musical events as they occur. It is desired that names be written distinctly to avoid mistakes.

Music, the noblest and most sublime of the arts, requires for its complete attainment and mastery a greater expenditure of time and persistent effort than any other study.

Every true artist knows how hard it is to keep up his merely technical skill. Dr. Hans von Bülow expresses himself on this matter in the following striking words: "If I fail to practise a single day I notice the effect myself; if I fail to practise for two days my friends notice it; if I fail to practise for three days the public notice it!" These words of one of the greatest of contemporary pianoforte players should have weight with our young readers. He, only, whose heart is in the work, and who is a persevering and genuine disciple can

hope to overcome the difficulties that obstruct his progress, and these manfully distanced, yet none is able to rest upon his laurels. Music knows no rest."

What we wish in our pianists is a happy combination of both technical ability and a musical conception and rendering of works. If a person be able to execute easily difficult finger and octave passages such as may be found in many of the standard works, he has no thoughts of the execution to trouble him—that is already mastered—and he can give himself up entirely to the musical element of the work he is playing, throw his whole soul into it, and thereby produce an interpretation that is *manly* and *vigorous* and at the same time poetical and musical. These are the kind of pianists we want—men of strong character, who can impress us not only by their grandeur and vigour, but also by their refined and musical interpretations.

Therefore, we say to students, if you desire to rise to distinction as a player, practise faithfully your scales, octaves, finger exercises, &c., and by so doing develop a technique, which will enable you to master the most difficult compositions, and to render them with an ease and freedom of execution and a musical conception of their beauties, which will not only delight your hearers, but will prove a source of enjoyment to yourself, such as you cannot have, if you are for ever thinking of the difficulties before you. Remember, *technique is the foundation of pianoforte playing.*

One of the most notable events of the present season has been the two monstre concerts, given during the past month in the Royal Albert Hall, in honour of the jubilee of Sir Julius Benedict's residence and labours in England. These concerts will long be memorable in the history of English music, and young musicians in the 20th century will recall to mind how that on the 6th and 7th of June, 1884, they saw at the conductor's desk a man who had seen and conversed with Beethoven and Schubert; who had been the favourite pupil of Weber, and lived on terms of intimacy or courtesy with almost every leading musician, composer, singer, and pianist of the 19th century.

For the past fifty years Sir Julius has been a concert-giver, and his career in this country is to a great extent identified with his annual concerts. Few are now living who remember Malibran, Grisi, Rubini, and Lablache, artistes who were heard at the earliest of his long series of concerts, the first of which was given early in 1834, soon after his arrival in England. To lovers of music, the programme of these fifty performances present a singularly interesting record of the successive generations of musical talent which have arisen within the past half century. Few operatic "stars" are absent, and they contain memorials of some of the most famous composers of the age, from Mendelssohn downwards. The intention to collect these mementoes of the past into a single volume will gratify many.

Although upwards of eighty years of age, Sir Julius is still wonderfully vigorous and ready for work. His personal qualities have endeared him to many, and at these concerts one impulse seemed to move the audience—the desire to do honour to one who had worked for the enjoyment of the public for a greater number of years than is usually allotted to the life of man.

No musician has been more free from the besetting sin of professional jealousy than Sir Julius. His invariable kindness to his brethren in art for years has made his house a centre of artistic life in London, and many have made their first step towards reputation and fortune under his auspices. In the annals of the musical world he stands alone; to no other musician has it been given to review fifty years of artistic work, and his name in the future will be remembered as that of one of the most industrious workers in the various fields of music. England has ever been ready to honour such, and Sir Julius has had his triumphs in the past. In his short address to the audience that filled the Albert Hall he alluded to this, and standing there "on the brink of the forever" the veteran musician thanked the English people for the appreciation shown to his fifty years of unremitting labours. We publish in this issue facsimile of Benedict's MS, and extract from autograph letter.



“Staccato.”

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Madame Patti, as Linda, roused the New York critics to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. One of these writers says: “Madame Patti’s song is the matchless charm of all her impersonations. It is absolutely perfect. The most severe tests of the vocalist’s methods, endurance and accuracy, serve only to increase the admiration of the listener. No grace note, no semi-tone, no syllable in a word of the text is slighted in her execution. Her time is faultless, her intonation of unswerving precision, her gradations of tone as skilfully managed as by a machine of miraculous nicety of construction.” The point in all this for vocalists to note and profit by is that it is the perfection of Patti’s execution, not her voice, that makes her the greatest living artist.

Count Géza Zichy, the one-armed Hungarian piano player and composer, has just completed one of his extensive concert tours, the proceeds of which he invariably devotes to charitable purposes. Count Zichy lost his right arm at the age of fifteen by the discharge of his gun while hunting. He has trained his left so marvellously as to deceive by his play the ear of the listener, who can scarcely be persuaded that such brilliant effects may be produced with one hand only. His compositions have met with equal favour. They are all intended for the left hand, and Liszt has declared that they are better in style, more delicate in taste, and stronger in effect than many compositions for two and four hands. He finds them, however, exceedingly difficult and only adapted to players of the author’s skill and training.

If Sarah Bernhardt’s much lauded performance of *Lady Macbeth* is as original and as striking as some of the phrases in the French version she performs, it must be remarkable indeed. The witches’ “hell broth” is there transformed into a “potage de l’enfer;” and the “daggers unmannerly breeched in gore” appears as “poignards eulottes de sang.” This is almost as unique as the translation in an earlier Gallic version of the tragedy of “Hail, Macbeth!” into “Il fait grêle M. Macbeth,” or, “Hail, horrors, hail!” into “comment vous portez-vous, horreurs, comment vous portez-vous?” Shakespeare’s frequent change of scene seems to have bothered the adapter, who, however, ingeniously escaped this difficulty by rearranging the play in nine acts!

Mme. Hauk intends spending her summer holiday at her beautiful new home near Lake Geneva. For next season she has signed engagements for St. Petersburg and Berlin, and during the carnival season she will sing Elsa in “Lohengrin,” at the Costanzi Theatre, in Rome, where “Lohengrin” has never before been performed. Mme.

Hauk was recently the recipient of a rare distinction, the Emperor of Germany having sent her, through the Lieutenant-General Baron Hülzen, his large photographic portrait, with his own signature, “Wilhelm Imp. Rex.” It is said that Mme. Adelina Patti is the only other singer who shares this honour with Minnie Hauk. Such a recognition of talent by crowned heads is pleasant indeed.

The musical season at the Botanical Gardens being fully entered upon, the occasional performances hitherto given on Thursdays by the band and pipers of the 93rd Highlanders will now take the form of a continuous series on these evenings. The same arrangement as is in operation on the Saturdays will be observed in holding the musical promenades in the Winter Garden should the weather not admit of having them in front of the new plant-houses. This announcement will be received with pleasure by many who may not find it convenient to attend on Saturday.

On the 7th ult. a vote was taken in the General Assembly of the Irish Presbyterian Church on the instrumental music question. The whole of Friday was devoted to debate on the subject, continuing until Saturday morning at two o’clock. The anti-instrumentalist party moved to the effect that discipline should be exercised against congregations using instruments. An amendment was moved setting forth that it would be disastrous to the Church to do so. The amendment was carried by 266 against 245, or a majority for the amendment of 21. By this slender majority has a schism in the Irish Presbyterian Church been avoided. The liberal policy in church music is gaining ground in all quarters, and the “kist o’ pipes” in the next generation we doubt not will have found its way into the churches which still exorcise them.

From Swansea we learn the corporation has decided by a majority of two that permission should be given to bands to play in the public parks on Sundays. The feeling ran very high, and a deputation of sixty clergymen and ministers and Sunday-school teachers attended to protest. The majority of the council, however, thought that since a religious census had shown that two-thirds of the population of the borough went to no place of worship on the Sabbath, something should be done for them.

Lord Folkestone writes from 8, Ennismore-gardens, S.W., and gives the following details of work accomplished by the People’s Entertainment Society. The number of concerts has increased year by year, from 66 in 1879 to 131 during the last season. These free concerts were given in the following localities:—Battersea, Bermondsey, Clapham, Rotherhithe, Westminster, Wal-

worth, Limehouse, &c., and it is calculated that upwards of 100,000 persons attended them, who would otherwise have had no opportunity of procuring rational amusement for themselves. The concerts, as mentioned above, are entirely free, admission being obtained by invitation ticket. This effort to brighten the lives and cheer the dull monotony of our working fellow citizens’ existence is worthy of generous help. The society expended over £1,000 during last season, and there is at present a large sum to make up over and above the income derived from subscriptions and donations. Full particulars of the society may be obtained from Mr. J. Maude Crament, secretary, 10a, Kensington-square, W.

The warmth of her welcome at Covent Garden must have surprised even so long-established a favourite of the public as Madame Patti. It is the merit of this great singer that in all styles of vocalisation she is almost equally admirable. The opera selected for her *rentrée* was Verdi’s “La Traviata;” but whatever part she might have chosen for her re-appearance was a matter of secondary importance. It is rumoured she will sing in public for one more season only, and that will be either in Russia or America. Time, that enemy of singers, has dealt lightly with Madame Patti; her voice is wondrous as in years past, fresh and flexible as ever. The exceptional gifts of the *prima donna* are the delight of many, and the operatic stage can ill afford to lose its brightest ornament.

The objections of Messrs. Boosey to the production of “Savonarola” in German are difficult to comprehend. They could only benefit by the performance in London of an opera of which they have purchased the copyright. That the Chancery Judge should have refused them an injunction without even calling upon counsel for the other side is not to be wondered at. The only nuisance is the difficulty of obtaining from Messrs. Boosey a copy of Mr. Villiers Stanford’s score until this matter is amicably settled.

On July 26 the Royal Italian Opera season will terminate, and a fortnight later Mr. W. F. Thomas will commence his annual series of Promenade Concerts. The electric lighting will be on a much larger scale than heretofore. The interior of Covent Garden will be more brilliant and much cooler. Special grand concerts, at which eminent vocalists will appear, are again to be made a conspicuous feature of the series, of which Mr. Gwyllim Crowe will once more be the conductor.

It is whispered that performances of German opera-bouffe are to be given in London, either at Her Majesty’s or the Empire Theatres, in the course of the coming autumn.

Musical Chit-Chat.

Madame Sembrich has been engaged to sing in opera at Madrid next winter.

It is reported that Madame Christine Nilsson will sing in twenty-eight concerts under Theodore Thomas's management, the *prima donna* to receive 1,000 dollars for each concert.

Max Goldstein, the well-known musical critic, and a former proprietor of the German musical journal, *Die Musikwelt*, died at Berlin, a few weeks ago. He was a writer of some force.

The negotiations for an American tour by Mr. Sims Reeves have been abandoned. Mr. Reeves will probably spend the winter in England.

Not only is Miss Santley, the daughter of the famous baritone, engaged to the Hon. R. H. Lyttleton, but her sister, it is said, will shortly marry an American millionaire.

It is said that for each of the fifteen performances which she is to give in Sweden and Denmark, Madame Judic will receive remuneration at the rate of £212.

Signor Foli, who is an enthusiastic angler, in the Kennet recently, using three flies on his cast, hooked and landed three trout at once. Afterwards, on three separate occasions on the same day, he caught two at a time.

The Bach Society proposes to celebrate the bicentenary of the birthday of J. S. Bach on March 21, 1885, in the Albert Hall, by performing some of his works with an augmented choir of 600 voices, a full band, and the best soloists procurable.

Mme. Marchesi, the famous singing teacher, holds the following opinions: She does not like Gayarre on account of the nasal quality of his voice. "Ernani," she thinks, should be banished from the stage because the music is "empty, shallow, and indigestible," whereas Massenet's "Hérodiade" contains beautiful numbers, and will soon be seen regularly in the répertoires.

A young daughter of Ole Bull gives promise of having inherited her father's genius. Though but twelve years of age, she is already an accomplished violinist.

Musicians will be glad to hear that a neat and simple little contrivance for turning over the pages of music has been invented by an Armenian mechanic named Erghanian, and patented in several European countries. This small apparatus is worked silently by a treadle, and gently picks up the page, which it lays smoothly on the opposite one. It can be applied to any ordinary music-stand, and will doubtless be of great use in orchestras, avoiding by its use the pause and flapping of leaves when the players have to wait and turn over the pages of their music.

The death is announced of Mr. Charles Braham, son of the famous tenor, and brother of the late Countess Waldegrave. Mr. Braham, who had for some years no small reputation as a vocalist, died at his residence at Pimlico on Wednesday, the 11th ult.

Mrs. Weldon contemplates legal proceed-

ings in reference to her exclusion from the performance of M. Gounod's oratorio at the Birmingham Musical Festival of 1882 by direction of the orchestral committee. On the 5th ult. a writ, preparatory to an action, was served upon Mr. Jaffray, chairman of the Festival Committee. We understand that Mrs. Weldon has also issued a writ against Mr. A. A. Sylvester, late editor of the *Birmingham Daily Gazette*, on the ground of alleged libel.

"Lohengrin" was produced, with Madame Albani for the first time as Elsa, in German. By some error the whole of the seats had been disposed of, and the critics, even of the great London daily papers, had to be sent away. Some took refuge in the top-most gallery, while the majority left the theatre.

Leopold Aver, the violinist, who succeeded Anton Rubinstein as director of the concerts given by the Imperial Society of Music, St. Petersburg, intends resuming the career of a virtuoso, and will next season undertake a long concert-tour. He is more fitted for concert-playing than as the head of a school for teaching music.

Verdi's life is thus described by those who profess to know it all: He shuts himself up in his private room for hours every day, and is said to leave it only when he needs food and sleep. His wife permits nobody to see him without his permission, and she herself leaves him alone to his meditations and compositions. Perhaps many of the latter will not be published until the composer's death. The *Gazetta Musicale*, of Milan, professes not to know anything about the new opera by Verdi—"Othello" or "Iago."

Mademoiselle Nevada, the American *prima donna*, will sing in three oratorios at the approaching Norwich Festival. Afterward she will go to Madrid, Barcelona, and Lisbon. Her fame is on the increase.

Wagner was sometimes very humorous, as the following *storietta* proves: At a certain dinner, he sang and cracked a hundred jokes, but a friend of his was suddenly taken ill. Wagner urged him to permit himself to be carried to bed. The friend did so, when Wagner accompanied him to the bedroom, and on the threshold began to sing, with the greatest comicality possible, the aria from Rossini's "Il Barbiere," beginning, "Presto, presto, andate a letto" (Quick, quick! go to bed!). The day after, at the same hour, Wagner's friend was all right, but the illustrious composer was no longer among the living. The joke related happened the day before his death.

W. Taubert, the well-known and veteran director of the Berlin Opera House, will celebrate this year the fiftieth anniversary of his connection with that theatre. He will conduct on this special occasion his own opera, "Der Zigeuner," which was represented in 1834. Herr Taubert has been *titulaire* of his position since 1842. The event is one of some importance, for very few musicians are identified with one establishment for half a century.

The children of Grisi and Mario, the grisettes and marionettes, as they were called, were very lovely. They came in

one morning to Rossini, about fifteen years ago, guided by their mother, and sang an air with their fresh young voices so sweetly that Rossini, plunging his hands deeply into his pocket, brought out some sous and presented each with one, saying, "I always pay my artistes. Keep this as a memento of your first salary."

The veteran tenor Theodor Wachtel still continues to tread the boards. He recently appeared as Chapelon in Adam's "The Postillion of Longjumeau," at the Walhalla Operetten Theatre, Berlin, which made the nine-hundredth time of his interpretation of the part.

The marriage of M. Pierre Gailhard, the operatic singer, to Mlle. Isabelle Mercier, took place on Tuesday, the 10th ult., at the Church of St. Roch, Paris.

An admirable performance of M. Gounod's "Redemption" was given on Friday, the 6th ult., at the Trocadero, Paris, under the direction of the gifted composer himself, who entered into the spirit of his task with all the ardour of an enthusiastic youth anxious to win his spurs.

According to present arrangements Madame Nilsson is expected to sing in Paris next winter, at the Théâtre Italien.

Mdme. Sarah Bernhardt, it is reported, is anxious again to become connected with the Comédie Française. Should this be arranged, she will have no right to share profits with the company, but must become a *pensionnaire* at a fixed salary of 18,000 francs.

It is said that M. Vaucorbeil, the Director of the Paris Grand Opera, will prohibit the use of opera glasses by the members of his orchestra, in consequence of many complaints on the part of female occupants of boxes, who objected to being stared at by the musicians.

It is probable that Gayarre will soon be induced to go to America, spite of his dread of the ocean. The voice of this singer is in its prime, and his acting is superb. Upon the stage he sometimes reminds one of Campanini's vehemence, entirely sinking himself in his part, and rising at times to great dramatic power.

Herr Franz Wüllner, the Dresden conductor, has been elected by a large majority by the municipality of Cologne to succeed Hiller.

Madame Trebelli recently sang in a concert at Toronto. Her reception was of the most enthusiastic sort even before she began to sing, but at the end of the first solo, "Di tanti palpiti," the audience broke into plaudits that made the very walls of the concert hall ring, and, of course, she had to reappear and sing again. The press, as a whole, wrote about her interpretations in glowing terms.

Remenvi, the distinguished violinist, played several airs on his violin in Plymouth Church, the other Sunday, after Mr. Beecher's sermon. Mr. Beecher checked the applause that followed the first piece, saying that "he would not consider it a tribute if one of his prayers were applauded, and many pieces of sacred music were prayers without words."

Sir Julius Benedict.

However poor our musical culture may be compared with that of Continental peoples, we English folk have not been lacking in hospitality to great musicians. Since Handel's time we have had a succession of visitors, each harbouring designs on the English musical public. Some have abused our manners ; others have grumbled at the climate ; few have returned to their more genial lands without that pleasant ingathering of gold which is the witness of Art's talismanic power. But though musicians may come and musicians may go, there are some who come and stay.

Almost fifty years ago Sir Julius Benedict committed his fortunes to English art, and it may be said that the English public has affectionately absorbed him. Germany may still claim a birthright in Sir Julius, as in its many sons who join the exodus from the fatherland to return to it again only in the unsubstantial form of song-sentiment ; but if half a century's life in London has not made him ours in intellectual fibre and in feeling, there is no longer virtue in English air and soil.

As a historical link alone, Sir Julius is a noteworthy figure. Is there another living musician—Liszt excepted—who has talked to Beethoven, who has been on intimate terms with Weber, and formed a part of that stream of musical tendency—not always making for righteousness—which bore along such diverse elements as Rossini, Meyerbeer, Donizetti, Auber, Berlioz, and David ? The venerable musician, indeed, embodies a rare wealth of tradition and experience. A Teutonic endowment, a partly Latin training, the high-pressure stimulus of Parisian art-life, and, finally, the energetic practical work of musical enterprise and invention in England—these are the sources of the power that has given him distinction in the land of his adoption. It would not be going far astray to say that Sir Julius closes a certain line of culture. Out of the memorials of his busy life it would be possible to select examples of every ideal in musical conception and form that the thought of the last generation shaped. He combined the spirit of the Italian and French melodists with the science and seriousness of the German masters. To be placidly constructive on well-understood lines is all that certain epochs permit to a musician, and if there is in Sir Julius's work no trace of the art-adventurer, but little influence of the revolutionary mood, and hardly a presentiment of the future, he at least worthily sums up the best culture that his day and generation knew.

To describe Sir Julius's career since his birth in Stuttgart in 1804, would really be in great part to write the history of opera in Italy and in England, to revive the glories of Jenny Lind, whose American concerts he directed, and to trace the popularisation of music here. Probably there were few of the leading operatic singers—whose names are now beginning to form part of musical tradition—who did not benefit by his suggestions ; and the changing and fading bodies who

supply with a rather melancholy versatility the choral parts of operas, must have often heard his voice across the footlights. If one were by some chance, such as Heine imagined, to fall asleep and dream in empty Drury Lane, the shade of Sir Julius would probably be found one of the most active and amiable visitors to the scene of ancient triumphs.

The amount of human effort spent in one form or other on the lyric stage has its pathetic side. The public is so difficult to woo, so fickle, and so ready to be on with a new love ! If the fancy is not caught, how remorselessly the labour of days has to be added to the heap of abortive products ! Could the utterly dead operas from Handel's time onwards be collected they would form an appalling waste-basketful. To the mournful pile Sir Julius has contributed his quota, but he has been more fortunate than many of his co-workers, inasmuch as all that he offered to the public had a temporary acceptance. One opera, "The Lily of Killarney," as we all know, has found a grateful nook in the opera-goer's heart, and promises long to be a popular setting of characters and scenery possessing great theatrical attractiveness, whatever may be their aspect in real life. Of how many operatic composers can it be said that even one of their works survives ?

The great change in the social position of the artist, which Sir Julius has seen and has in no small degree helped to effect, is an encouraging feature in the backward glance. It is pitiful to reflect that Mozart and Beethoven were at the beck and call of petty German princes, whose names have only been preserved by the circumstance that men of genius accepted their patronage. At last the musician takes his due and honoured place. In a conversation printed some years ago, Sir Julius expressed his gratification at Wagner's influence in ennobling the profession of musicians. Instead of being summoned as of old to one or other little court to play for some potentate's glory, the great master-spirit by a magician's wand, such we may take his *baton* to be, drew the crowned heads of Europe to Bayreuth. Sir Julius hardly hoped to see the social revolution, but it has come upon us, and upon him, almost imperceptibly. The composer is no longer the hireling of the rich ; he sits in the high seat, and all the people praise him. The press—ever a thorn to a race sufficiently irritable by nature—has also grown in sympathy and judgment. Sir Julius saw the first performance of "Der Freischütz," little Felix Mendelssohn being present at the same time, and he is witness to the general hostility of the press, notwithstanding the enthusiasm of the auditors. No wonder when a man like Zelter could write to Göthe, treating the new opera with derision, and Tieck permitted himself to describe it as the most unmusical uproar ever heard upon a stage. The pupil has fallen on happier times than his master, the knighthood conferred on him in 1870 being but the royal stamp to a broad-based popular judgment. Honours have indeed been showered upon Sir Julius. He has decorations and orders from at least half-a-dozen European sovereigns ; while the most eminent musicians and amateurs of our country have

not been slow in seizing occasions to mark their respect for the veteran composer.

It is not easy to assess the value of the work at the conductor's desk to which Sir Julius has so largely given himself. General musical education gains by this devotion of a man of first-rate power to the perfecting of renderings, but there must be loss of original work. As in every other form of intellectual effort, greatness can only be obtained by stern renunciation of lower occupations. Yet amid his varied and distracting activities, Sir Julius has contrived to produce an amount of fresh and pleasing work, which speaks eloquently for the vigour and elasticity of his mind. Fashion has sway in music as everywhere else, and the greatest *virtuosi* fall into the shade, but there is no temerity in saying that much that has come from Sir Julius's pen possesses enduring qualities. His shorter pieces for choral bodies are not likely to be ignored, so clean-cut and engaging are they ; and his oratorio, "St. Peter," perhaps the most important work of its class after "Elijah," grows in favour. In his larger religious works there are the same melodic virtues which have earned him applause as a song writer, while dramatic colouring is not wanting ; and his power of constructing and bearing forward a chorus on the largest plan has been amply illustrated. In the use of the orchestra Sir Julius has exhibited a similar knowledge of technic, the scoring of "St. Peter" being from first to last rich without excess of elaboration, and emphatic without sacrifice of tone. Even in the slender accompaniments to "The Lily of Killarney" there is often an unimpeachable propriety of expression which bespeaks the master. It has fallen to few to add to the tunes of the world, and to have given a strain to the lips of the multitude is a consolation for which many have pined.

The reverses of fortune which have received some public notice recently may not have been wholly evil to Sir Julius if they have proved anew the strong and wide sympathy he commands. There are few musicians in whose welfare the public has so warm an interest, and it is the wish of all who know his extensive contributions to music, his conscientious labour for the Art among us, and his attractive personality, that a fair autumn of declining years may yet await him.

One of the most interesting moments of Benedict's eventful career was when he took leave of the Norwich Festival chorus, after his many years of connection with that gathering. His resignation of the conductorship was not absolutely settled, although there was a tolerably fixed notion that he might not assume it again. It was the meeting of 1878, and it had just passed off with a greater degree of success and *éclat* than had attended the Festival for several years. After the performance of the "Messiah," on the Friday morning, Sir Julius was invited into the little Dutch church at the back of St. Andrew's Hall, and there, on behalf of the choir, he presented the chorus-master (Mr. J. Harcourt) and the organist (Dr. Bennett) with testimonials. Then, speaking for himself, Sir Julius expressed his esteem and regard for his old choristers, in terms that drew tears to many eyes. He could not bring himself to say farewell, and even declared he would not give up the Norwich Festival "till it gave him up." But he was not equal to the arduous labours of another gathering, and this was actually his last official parting with the Norwich chorus.

JULY, 1884.

Magazine of Music.

FACSIMILE FROM LETTER OF SIR JULIUS BENEDEICKS.

You want me to tell you something about the distinctive features of Malibron's character and her various extraordinary gifts, but it would require a large volume to give you a correct idea of that fascinating Artiste. It is no exaggeration to say that a more complete musical organisation was seldom if ever known. With Spanish blood in her veins, a creature of impulse and indomitable energy, surrounded from the cradle to the grave by all that was prominent in literature and the fine arts - the idol of Alfred de Musset, who dedicated some of his most charming poetry to her, she became the cherished spoiled child of Cherubini, Rossini, Auber, Meyerbeer and Mendelssohn - the intimate friend of Horace Vernet and Paul de la Roche. Grasping every style of Music from Handel's "He shall feed his flock" or "Sing ye to the Lord" to Mozart's "Don Giovanni" and Beethoven's "Fidelio", from Cimarosa's "Matrimonio segreto" to Rossini's "Othello", Bellini's "Norma" and "Iormenah" she was perhaps deficient when compared with the dignified plastic Pasto as an actress or with the exciting, warbling Sontag as a Vocalist - but still she carried the Public by her irresistible enthusiasm - , Julius Benedict

FACSIMILE OF SIR JULIUS BENEDEICKS'S MS.



Wishing you every success
Julius Benedict

Musical Criticism.

In a volume entitled "Italian and Other Studies," Dr. Hueffer has published the lecture on Musical Criticism delivered at the Royal Institution, thus bringing before a wider public some admirably sound sentiments on a matter concerning all lovers of music. I do not intend by restating Dr. Hueffer's opinions to give readers of this magazine an excuse for neglecting his book, which both on literary and musical grounds deserves perusal; nor do I mean to controvert these opinions. I wish to set forth some kindred considerations pressed upon me, as upon all engaged in the business of musical criticism.

By recalling stages in one's musical development, it is possible to see pretty clearly that in every audience there are two broadly-marked modes of receiving a musical composition. There is, first, the attitude of purely sensuous enjoyment, the most primitive form of which is, of course, that induced by mere tune; a higher form being that induced by masses of tone and general orchestral movement. Frequenters of concerts who think themselves fairly cultured, and are not fagged by a two hours' orchestral performance, may have no other gratification than that of sense. Melody fascinates them; they are subdued when Beethoven enters with his great vibrations; Wagner's trombones have an ear-satisfying quality; and that is about all. Then there is the second attitude; the listener does not wholly surrender himself to the seduction of tone; he maintains an intellectual alertness, noting the conception, development, and completion of the composer's purpose, exerting his powers of comparison and of judgment, and adding to sensuous enjoyment the highest satisfaction of all—the intellectual satisfaction of grasping a definitely-conceived and proportioned art-product. Now, it may be safely assumed that persons capable of this intelligent apprehension of a composer's business, knowing his means and limitations, conscious of his inheritance, and of his realisable ideals, form the small minority in every audience. The power of praise and of censure residing in every audience is thus really committed to the hands of those who, in strict truth, neither praise nor censure; who simply applaud what has charmed an indiscriminating ear, or stirred an easily excitable pulse; of all else they are wearied; or they are indifferent, but not actually censorious.

This, of course, is no new observation; the important thing is the effect of the encores thus unintelligently obtained, and the effect of these again upon framers of concert-programmes and on players. I have in recollection a much-played orchestral *intermezzo* for strings. The composer has in this hit upon a catchy subject, which he passes round most unblushingly from instrument to instrument, maintaining a semblance of variety by such cheap devices as *pizzicato* and muted strings. Its paucity of invention is obvious to anyone who does not permit his critical faculties to be enslaved by melodious repetitions, and the piece palls long ere the close. Yet the majority applaud, and the whole tire-

some performance is repeated to the consumption of valuable concert time. Now, what is the lesson for the majority? Surely that what has greatly pleased on a first hearing has presumably been understood, and, considering the limitations of concerts, should not be re-demanded, even if there were no risk of it falling flat on a second hearing, as, indeed, generally happens. Repetition is a frittering away of emotion, and is no gain in comprehension. What should be encored is not the transparent trifle, but the highly-wrought composition charged with ideas elusive on a first hearing. And as music grows more and more complex, the need for adopting this view will increase, unless audiences wax so sensible as to wholly banish encores—a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Guided by such applause, concert-givers are prone to what are called varied programmes, embracing a dozen or more items instead of presenting two or three of the great masterpieces. Thus many concerts have a scrappy character that can hardly satisfy anyone. Needless to say that where such a policy prevails there can be little progressive musical culture. On the band the effect is a readily forgivable one. When the little piece of instrumental confectionery is reached the conductor sits down and mildly waves his baton; the players become limp, and possibly whisper to each other; the *chef* smiles contemptuously, knowing the certain encore awaiting a piece which he cannot treat with respect. The total result is that a composition hardly worthy of amateurs has inevitably the worst rendering of the evening. Observe, on the other hand, when a great symphony is attacked, the conductor's figure becomes rigid and his motions firm; the players pull themselves together, and with nerves at tension they tackle to the business in hand, like men of purpose who know a serious duty has to be done and mean to do it worthily.

From the audience to the directors of concerts and to players there is thus an unhealthy influence transmitted which is returned with interest. The perfect reform would obviously be an enlargement of musical perception in the direction of regarding a musical composition as an art-product to be consciously appreciated by the intellect as well as enjoyed by the sense. And to this, let me say, the average annotated programme is not particularly helpful. It sends the listener in search of subtle meanings only properly expressible in terms of another art, instead of aiding him to feel how and why the music *per se* wields its power. Wagner is a considerable sinner in this respect. He has read meanings into some of Beethoven's overtures, which, while interesting as expressing a certain relation of Wagner's mind to the music, simply crumble before independent criticism. There is danger in annotations running to pedantry, but the very free prose translations or rhapsodies in vogue err as much in the other direction. Pending the arrival of the perfect audience, there is only one course; the minority should determinedly oppose all encores dictated by primitive emotions. Hissing is not an English practice, and could only be recommended in imperfect conditions. The right to approve, however, carries the right

to disapprove, and this should be seen and exercised. Let the audience, in short, put in force its power of criticism.

To no one would the criticism of the audience—that is, unfavourable opinion expressed as vigorously as favourable opinion—be more helpful than to that far from omniscient person, the critic of the press. He is liable to be caught up in enthusiasms, and to simply endorse where he should weigh and pronounce independently. Just as reporters preserve the *facetiae* in an oration because the audience applauded them, omitting the really important passages which were silently received, the critic is prone to merely interpret the temper of the majority, and to praise what hits its fancy. A case in point is Chilina's song in "Colomba," a quite trivial effort compared with the generally thoughtful character of the work, yet in some high quarters this song, which no musician need wish to hear twice, is spoken of as the "gem of the opera," clearly for no other reason than that it evoked special enthusiasm.

Opinion, not necessarily hostile, but expressed under a sense of the duty of criticism, would be reflected in the printed criticism and further aid in emphasising what is good, in eliminating what is less than good.

The Organ.

IV.

Burney says that "Some time after the Commonwealth, when the reaction in favour of reinstating organs in churches set in, it was thought expedient to invite foreign builders of known abilities to settle among us, and the premiums offered on this occasion brought over the two celebrated workmen, Smith and Harris." With these two men and their work commenced a very important stage in the history of the growth of the art of organ building, as far as its progress in this country is concerned. Coming over as they did, with good credentials, and soon proving by their sound workmanship that their instruments were good in construction, it was not long after their arrival before they were both busy, and found their hands full of work. The well-known rivalry between these two builders in the matter of the erection of an organ for the Temple Church is an historical fact of some importance. The merits of the respective builders being so evenly balanced, the competition was very keen, and the services of the most accomplished organists of the day (Blow and Purcell among others) were secured by the builders to exhibit the excellence of each of the two organs, which the Benchers had permitted to be erected within their church. Each builder had so many partisans among the members of the Temple, that the controversy was extended over several years, the two organs standing in open competition all this time; but at last a decision was arrived at, in favour of Father Smith's; Harris being obliged to remove his, part of which he included in that erected by him in St. Andrew's Church, Holborn, and part in that at Wolverhampton Collegiate Church.

Among the organs erected by Father Smith,

were those in St. Paul's, Wells, Durham, Ripon, Chester, and Oxford Cathedrals; Pembroke, Emanuel, Christ, and Trinity Colleges, Cambridge; Westminster Abbey; St. George's Chapel, Windsor; Chapels Royal, Whitehall, and Hampton Court, and many London and provincial churches besides. Harris too erected a goodly number of important organs—among them being Salisbury, Gloucester, Worcester, Winchester, Hereford, Chichester, Bristol, Dublin, Cork, Norwich, and Ely Cathedrals; Jesus and King's Colleges, Cambridge; St. Sepulchre's, Snow Hill; Christ Church, Moorgate-street, and many others.

Father Smith had two nephews, Gerald and Christian, who were also organ builders, but the specimens of their work are but few. It is recorded that they came to England at the same time as Father Smith, and it is more than probable were right hands to him in several or most of his important undertakings. If so, this would be sufficient reason why their names are not so well-known to posterity as that of their uncle. The Harris family too continued in the organ-building trade for some time after the death of the founder of the name. Some important instruments were built by the firm of Harris and Byfield, among which were St. Mary, Redcliffe, Bristol, Doncaster Parish Church, and St. Mary, Shrewsbury.

Other builders of this period were Thomas Schwarbrook, Christopher Schrider, the Jordans father and son, Richard Bridge, John Snetzler, John Byfield, jun., and Glyn and Parker. Of these a few words must be spoken in praise of the Jordans as being the inventor of the swell, which has since then become one of the principal features of an organ, and which was first put by them into an instrument they erected in St. Magnus Church, London Bridge, about 1712.

Before this great step was accomplished, the nearest approach to this attained had been that department of an organ called the "Echo," which consisted of a closed box containing duplicates of the upper half of a selected few of the registers, and which were thus made to produce a subdued and distant tone. By making use of a sliding shutter, which was placed at the performer's control, Jordan gave the organist power to produce a crescendo and diminuendo, and must thus be credited with inventing the greatest means of expression which the organ has, and probably will have. This English improvement in organ building, though immediately adopted for almost all new organs, as well as being applied to existing instruments, seems to have been some time before it found its way in Continental instruments, for it was over fifty years later before the first swell was introduced into a German Organ. The Jordans too were one of the first to apply mechanical means for controlling the stops by other means than the hands, and which in the first case consisted of one composition pedal, which took off the mixtures and reeds from the full Great Organ.

Snetzler too was a really good builder, and left excellent work in the many organs he built.

(To be continued.)

Musical Notes.

The lower Rhenish Musical Festival, which is triennially held either at Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, or here, took place during the first week in June. For many years these meetings have been unrivalled in artistic excellence, both on account of the high standard of the works performed and the eminence of the conductors, among whom may be found the names of Mendelssohn, Spohr, Liszt, Rubinstein.

In the past these festivals were almost the only occasions in Germany on which the grandest works by Bach, Handel, or Beethoven could be heard in their full splendour. In these days of increased musical culture and greater opportunities of hearing great works, they stand out with less prominence, but they still have a grace and charm of their own. The features of this year's programme may be said to be—(1) the first appearance on these occasions of Brahms, who conducts both his "Gesang der Parzen" and his third symphony; (2) the production here of Rheinberger's work, "Christoforus;" and (3) the engagement as soloist of the young pianist, born in Scotland, and up to his eighteenth year educated in London, whose playing has of late been creating an extraordinary impression in the land to which he has emigrated—Eugen d'Albert, as he now signs his name.

The choral and orchestral rehearsals commenced on the 30th ult., and on Whit Sunday Handel's "Messiah" was magnificently given. On Whit Monday the programme commenced with Schumann's splendid "Overture, Scherzo, and Finale." This was followed by Rheinberger's "Christoforo," of which the text on the old legend is by F. von Hoffnaas, and as an excellent translation by the Hon. Seymour Egerton is printed with the German original, and as the music, free from the exaggerations of the "modern school," is admirable throughout, it may be warmly commended to the notice of choral societies in England. Bach's sublime "Magnificat," which followed, produced less effect than when last given here, at the forty-sixth festival, in 1869—chorus, if not band, and certainly audience showing some indications of fatigue.

The third concert was given on June the 4th. The "Artists" concert was an after-thought to the original scheme of the festivals, and was originated by Mendelssohn. At this concert was brought forward, for the first time at the festivals, music by Richard Wagner, and the prelude to the "Parsifal," with the "Dresden Arnen," gave opportunity of hearing the fine tone drama from the magnificent orchestra of 120 picked performers. The piece was not heartily received.

The next instrumental selection, Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in E flat, was a triumph for all concerned. The youthful pianist, Herr Eugen d'Albert, was received as a recognised artist of extraordinary ability, and his performance justified such recognition. The progress made by him under Liszt's direction is remarkable, and it is now the universal opinion that he ranks with the most emi-

nent masters of his instrument. His solos in the second part of the programme—(1) Berceuse and Polonaise, in A flat (Chopin)—(2) Capriccio in B minor, op. 76 (Brahms), and Etude in C, op. 23 (Rubinstein)—were played with a mastery of *technique*, *tour de force*, combined with perfect touch and impassioned reading, surprising in the case of so young an artiste. He was enthusiastically cheered by audience and orchestra, many of the performers standing up to watch his marvellous playing, which appears to be entirely within control and almost without effort. After long and persistent applause, during which he was pelted by the chorus with flowers, and received honour from the band only accorded to the greatest artistes—that of trumpet and drum salutation—he played as encore one of Chopin's well-known valses in A flat, eliciting another storm of applause.

Brahms's "Gesang der Parzen," although conducted by the eminent composer, made less impression than in London at a Richter concert a month ago. The triumph of the evening was reserved for Madame Joachim, whose superb delivery of three songs by Brahms, accompanied by the composer, elicited another *furore* and a shower of bouquets and wreaths on the favourite artiste, who still retains much of the beauty and all the power of her exquisite voice.

The brilliancy of the festival has been enhanced by the favourable conditions of the weather. Düsseldorf is a town of spacious streets, shady avenues, and delightful gardens. The performances take place in a music hall almost unrivalled for acoustic effect, and built in a garden in which audience and performers promenade during the interval occurring between the parts of the concerts.

The usual garden promenade after the concert, with tobacco accompaniment, *al fresco*, was less attended than usual on account of the scare of a few drops of rain laying the dust, seeming as if Nature offered a tearful tribute or regret that the grand Whitsuntide festival of 1884 had come to a close.

"Savonarola."

THE NEW OPERA BY DR. VILLIERS STANFORD.

There would be something like profanation in dealing with the life of the great Florentine reformer from the point of view of the historical drama—obtruding on the stage his lofty religious enthusiasm, parodying his prayers and his sermons. But no objection of this kind can be taken to the method pursued by Mr. Gilbert à Beckett in the libretto he has written for the new opera. The central figure of the enthusiast and martyr, indeed, is there, but the story of the piece, with its love, and intrigues, and fierce struggles—except in a few instances, such as the children's bonfire of Florentine vanities and the hero's death—owes nothing to history. The picture is a grand, though terribly sombre one, a tragedy from the first scene to the last; and it cannot be doubted that, as in the previous case of "The Canterbury Pilgrims," so in that of the new opera, the librettist, by his noble poem, must share to

the full in the honours to be accorded the composer. We shall deal in greater detail with the music after its performance, promised by Herr Franke at Covent Garden on June 27, but in the meantime it may be interesting to our readers to have presented to them a succinct sketch of the story of the opera. As they are probably aware, it has already been performed at the Stadt Theater in Hamburg, producing the most marked impression there, and it is to this performance that we owe the opportunity of giving the following account.

The keynote to the whole is in the prologue. There Clarice (soprano), the daughter of a rich merchant, who wishes to marry her against her will to Rucello, a young Florentine noble (baritone), has a stolen interview with her lover, Savonarola (tenor), a student, which is broken in upon by Rucello. The rivals are about to fight when the Dominican monks cross the stage, singing a solemn chant, very effectively used here and later on in the opera. Clarice vows she will never wed Rucello, though there is no hope of her becoming the bride of the one she loves. Savonarola is left alone; he struggles against the cruel fate that overpowers him; he tries to force an entrance to the house—but again the Dominican chant is heard—in a frenzy of despair he breaks his sword and, abjuring the life of the world for ever, hurries off to a monastery.

Twenty-three years have passed, and the curtain now rises on the new Florence, ruled by Savonarola, in the interests of justice and purity. But there is a strong counterfaction headed by Rucello, who is plotting to restore the Medici. For this purpose Savonarola must be killed, and by persuading a young girl, Francesca, that the monk is the vilest of impostors, Rucello has prevailed upon her to undertake the assassination. On her way she is met by Sebastiano (tenor), who loves her, and seeks to dissuade her from her purpose. Then comes the "Burning of Vanities;" Savonarola, in his monk's garb, appears; Francesca's treachery is discovered, and she is about to be hurried off to prison, when Rucello whispers to the monk that she is the daughter of Clarice, who, after marrying one of the Strozzi, has died, leaving this one child. Savonarola orders her to be released.

The next act takes place in the monastery of St. Mark. Here gather around the great leader, Sebastiano and Francesca (who has brought him intelligence of a Medicean plot, and now has given her heart's love to Savonarola and his cause), and many others of the Piagnoni, but the popularity of the cause is on the wane, and the convent is attacked.

In the last act there is a long and affecting farewell in the martyr's cell with Francesca, to whom, before he is led to execution, he gives his blessing in the name of Clarice and of herself. Then is heard an impressive dirge-like march as the procession passes out on the way to the place of death. Rucello is there to mock the dying man. The procession is out of sight, and Francesca is left alone. A wild frenzy possesses her, and as the lurid light of the fire is gradually seen in the distance she breaks out into ecstatic strains, beholding heaven open, and the glorified waiting for the

martyred saint—and then she too sinks in death.

The splendid opportunities for musical illustration offered by this poem need not be dwelt on. Its treatment by Dr. Williers Stanford, and the first performance in this country of the new opera, we shall hope to deal with next month.

German Opera at Covent Garden.

"I know nothing of French music, German music, or Italian music," Rossini once said, impatiently. "I know only two kinds of music—good and bad." Excellent and true as are these words, there is also a sense in which it is most allowable and correct to identify a certain style of music with the country of its origin. We have Italian opera, floridly melodious (before the days when Verdi, Ponchielli, and Boito began to borrow from the German); French opera, sprightly and flowing; and German opera, delighting in the ghostly, romantic, and legendary, and aiming at truth of expression rather than the accumulation of merely pretty and ear-catching tunes. With the last of these divisions the name of Wagner is, of course, most associated at the present day, yet he himself in his best moments was quite willing, if not to confess his indebtedness, at least to acknowledge his admiration for Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber, all of whom composed great German operas before he himself had written a single note. "Die Zauberflöte," "Fidelio," "Der Freischütz," and "Euryanthe" (in which so striking a use is made of the *leitmotif*), are among the noble specimens of German opera that at once recur to the mind in this connection.

For a long time there was a war of styles, and many a poor German musician was compelled, in order to maintain himself in the favour of this Duke or that Elector or that Prince Archbishop (what tortures poor Mozart suffered in this way!), to write smoothly vapid music after the Italian fashion, despising himself all the time for such truckling to the debauched taste of a stupid patron. But bad enough as in the days of Haydn and Mozart the state of things, musically speaking, must be pronounced to be, even then all was not lost, for the German people still possessed the genuine love of music that from the first characterised them. At the Saxon Court, in Dresden, the gifted Weber might find a paltry Italian composer, Morlacchi to wit, preferred to him; but when "Der Freischütz," based upon popular folklore, and breathing the genuine spirit of German romanticism, was presented to the people, his triumph was for ever secured. It is curious that the legend of *Tannhäuser*, which Wagner so grandly utilised in after days, had been proposed to Weber as a subject of an opera, and, indeed, was very nearly adopted by him. As Hans Sachs says in "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg":

Though holy Rome herself should pass away,
Our glorious German art will ne'er decay.

It was reserved for Richard Wagner, the greatest musical genius of these latter days, in his cycle of operas, from "Lohengrin" to the "Nibelung Ring" and "Parsifal," to give that special glory to German, as distinguished from all other operatic art over the world, which is now recognised alike by the skilled musician and by the amateur *Adneur* of the stalls. Those peculiar theories of his art, so vehemently propounded by Wagner, may or may not be hereafter accepted; but his works remain, and as long as grandeur of purpose, intensity of passion, and the sweet pathos of woman's self-devoting love touch and bear sway over human hearts, so long will those marvellous works of the great master, so lately passed away from us, be honoured and loved.

It was only by degrees that the British public, which never shows great alacrity in accepting new favourites, could be got to tolerate what at first were considered the eccentricities and altogether objectionable ways of the new composer. An opera without airs, proper finales, or the indispensable ballet, was simply an outrageous and independent affront on an educated public. And truth to tell, when "Lohengrin" or "Der Fliegende Holländer," disguised in Italian dress, and sung by singers in the Italian style, were first presented, it cannot be said that this surprise was quite unfounded or unnatural.

It remained for Herr Angelo Neumann, in the "Nibelung Ring," given at Her Majesty's Theatre, and Herr Franke and Herr Pollini in their series of Wagner's other operas, presented at Drury Lane Theatre in the summer of 1882; as, also, for Mr. Carl Rosa in his carefully-produced versions of "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser," to convert the public to that truer view of Wagner's operas which, we now rejoice to say, is almost universally accepted. The Richter concerts, given under the direction of the unrivalled Viennese conductor, have also largely contributed to this end.

After Herr Neumann was reluctantly compelled, through the difficulty of securing competent artists, to cancel his agreement with Mr. Ernest Gye to produce a series of German operas at Covent Garden during the present season, it was especially fortunate that Herr Franke, most loyally supported by Herr Richter, was enabled to step in and fill his place. It cannot be said that, vocally speaking, the artists collected by him are comparable to those who two years ago interpreted the same works at Drury Lane, and we look in vain for a Frau Sucher, Fräulein Malten, or Herr Winkelmann amongst the present company. On the other hand, Madame Albani shows her wonderful versatility by singing in German as Elsa and Senta—parts she has studied in Munich—with an earnestness and dramatic power that cannot be too highly praised. The season commenced with "Die Meistersinger," on June 6th. This, Wagner's one "comic" opera, is a masterpiece that may almost be said to stand alone. The words and the music are from the same pen, and we have a ceaseless flow of lively incident, a perfect picture of burgher life in the Middle Ages, with sweet touches of homely pathos and pas-

sionate love-making, that cannot be soon forgotten even by the most *blasé* and indifferent of opera-goers. Madame Schuch-Proksa, if not an ideal Eva, filled the part very acceptably, succeeding best in the livelier situations, where she attempts to cajole Hans Sachs and consents to elope with her lover. Walter von Stolzing, the aristocratic aspirant to the honours of mastersingership, was represented on three successive occasions by Herr Gudehus, Herr Stritt, and Herr Oberländer in turn, all of whom sang and acted earnestly, and may therefore be pardoned for a certain heaviness—possibly the true Teutonic characteristic—to be found in the manner of courtship adopted by every one of them.

Herr Reichmann was admirable as Hans Sachs, the true hero of the piece, and Fräulein Schaernack as Magdalena, and Herr Schroedter as David could hardly have been surpassed in their way. Of the next performance, "Der Freischütz," so frequently heard in this country, no detailed criticism need be given, as, with the exception of Herr Wiegand's fine impersonation of Caspar, the principal singers cannot be said to have equalled many of the former representatives of the parts with whom we have been familiar.

The performance of "Lohengrin," on the other hand, was an exceptionally fine one. Madame Albani threw her whole soul into the part of the hapless Elsa, and in the prayer of the first act, and that almost matchless love duet in the third, produced an effect that must be designated as positively thrilling the vast audience in the theatre. Herr Stritt as the Knight of the Swan was by no means without good points in his singing and acting, but his voice, like that of most German tenors, is of coarse baritone quality, sadly inappropriate to the utterances of the mystic personage he represents. Herr Reichmann as Telramond, Frau Luger as the wicked Ortrud, Herr Wiegand as Henry the Fowler, and Herr Schiedemantel as the Herald, are all to be commended for their admirably artistic performances. Passing over "Tannhäuser," which it is to be hoped will be more satisfactorily given later on in the season, we come to "Der Fliegende Holländer" on June 18th. In this Madame Albani again gave her exquisite impersonation of Senta, and Herr Reichmann confirmed the good impression he had already produced by his masterly rendering of the part of the doomed Dutchman. As to the general representation, however, it can hardly be said that it surpassed the one for which we are indebted to Mr. Carl Rosa on the English stage some time ago. The remaining operas of the series, "Fidelio," "Tristan und Isolde," and "Savonarola," will be dealt with in our next number.

It would not be just to bring this notice to a close without referring to the orchestra, conducted by Herr Richter, as he alone knows how to conduct the colossal scores of Wagner's operas; and to the chorus, so well trained to their duties by Herr Armbruster, the talented musical conductor of the Court Theatre. Every one must wish that the plucky enterprise of Herr Franke, in presenting this series of German operas to the British public may, in the end, be as complete a financial as it has already proved to be an artistic success.

Schubert's Sonatas.

III.

The third and last of the productions of 1817 which remains to be noticed is the E flat Sonata, opus 122. There is some uncertainty as to the precise date of its composition as compared with the two which have already been discussed in these columns, but although the longest of the three to which the year 1817 gave birth, there are more passages which appear to point to the "prentice hand" than can be traced either in the B major or the A minor. The opening subject of eight bars is bold enough, ending on the dominant chord, and is at once repeated an octave higher with a tonic cadence. A graceful episode commencing in octave quavers now ensues, which, after repetition in a lower octave, leads to a new theme in E flat minor and C flat major. The elaboration of this passage is deferred for the present to give place to a pleasing though rather commonplace melody in B flat, terminating in a scale passage in the same key. A figure of two bars in length soon follows, worked out in various keys, first by the left and afterwards by the right hand, to which is speedily united the phrase above mentioned, then in C flat minor, but which now appears in B flat, and together with its attendant theme affords sufficient material for the composer's manipulation until the double bar is reached by a chord of the dominant seventh. After the repeat we have a whole page of which the chief feature is a series of *arpeggio* chords in various keys, occupying each hand alternately, the harmony being filled in with rich chords in quavers by the hand not occupied with the *arpeggio* work. Snatches of each of the previous subjects are occasionally heard in various stages of development, sometimes alone, but more frequently in combinations of two or three together, worked out in a manner which clearly foreshadows the more elaborate work which remains to be noticed in Schubert's later productions. The movement ends *pianissimo*, after a gradual *ritard*, which is a fitting prelude to the *andante molto* which forms the second division of the sonata.

This is in G minor, and is the most interesting section of the entire work. Every bar is full of food for thought, and the conception and execution are alike worthy of the composer's more matured genius. Space entirely forbids the pointing out of a tithe of the gems of harmony contained in this too short movement, and it will only be possible to notice a very few of the most prominent. The employment of the G flat in bar 7 and the D flat in bar 9 are particularly characteristic of Schubert, and of his happy knack of producing the most telling effects from the simplest of causes. Notice also the pause over the rest in bar 12, holding the listener breathless almost while awaiting the chord which at once ends the first and begins the second phrase. Five bars later we have a bold but most effective license in the employment of the F natural in the right hand against the F sharp in the left. Shortly afterwards

follow some grand *sforzando* chords intermingled with snatches of exquisite melody, which lead to a page almost entirely occupied by a new subject, one hand working in double triplets by way of accompaniment to a melody of dotted notes in common time. This method, the *bête noire* of the inexperienced pianist, is a powerful engine in producing particular effects, and will amply repay the trouble entailed in mastering its intricacies. The original *motive* is interspersed amongst, rather than intermingled with, the phrases of the new theme, but the recurrence of each is so happily blended that the ear seems to prefer the alternation rather than the combination of two such dissimilar subjects. The final cadence hovers between *sforzando* and *pianissimo* chords, the latter obtaining at the close.

Should any feeling of depression or melancholy have been caused by the weird plainness of the *andante*, the jocund hilarity of the succeeding minuet and trio will soon remove the shadow. The former is divided into portions of 12 and 24 bars, a pleasing departure from the 8 and 16 bar tradition. A further abandonment of the beaten track will be found in the trio, where an extremely melodious subject of 5 bars prevails, the first portion being 10 bars in length. As in the minuetto, so in the trio, the second part doubles its predecessor, the close of the latter being a recapitulation of the first part, only with a tonic instead of a dominant cadence. A *da capo* of the minuet in the initial key occurs in due form.

The final movement, *allegro moderato*, does not open in as promising a manner as its predecessors, the first subject being somewhat puerile; but with the entry of the second theme in bar 25 an increased degree of interest is at once awakened. This is in B flat minor, happily modulating first into its relative major, and then still more so into D flat—a key which is retained so as to introduce a very pleasing theme for the left hand in bar 42. It contains snatches of the opening subject, but the treatment is altogether different and much more successful. The elaboration and intermixture of these various themes occupy the remainder of the first portion of the movement, till the double bar is reached in the dominant and a repeat directed. For two pages after this a greater freedom of writing prevails, for, although the leading subjects are not lost sight of, they are merely suggested in transient fragments rather than worked out and amplified. The license, however, does not continue, for after 56 bars of this free and easy rambling the first subject re-enters in the original key, but so arranged as to introduce the second theme, now in E flat minor, which in its turn introduces the elegant phrase for the left hand transposed into G flat. From this point to the end the treatment, allowing for altered key, is much the same as in the first portion of the movement, the difference being too trivial to notice in detail. The climax is less bold and vigorous than might have been expected, and is one of the marks of immaturity noticed at the outset. For those who wish to study the gradual development of style and manner of Schubert as a pianoforte writer, this sonata will possess sufficient interest to repay a careful study.

Musical Life in London.

Mr. F. H. Cowen's Fourth Symphony.

From no English musician could a new classical composition be awaited with feelings of stronger interest and expectation than the composer of the "Scandinavian" symphony. The universal success of that work has placed Mr. Frederic Cowen at the very head of our orchestral writers, and among the select few whom the world acknowledges as masters in this exalted branch of musical art. An audience no less critical than the Philharmonic was chosen as the first to pass judgment upon the new symphony. This event occurred at the last concert of the society's season, May 28, the entire programme of which, like that of the preceding concert, was conducted by Mr. Cowen. The work came well through a trying ordeal of double character; first, that it had to follow the "Scandinavian"; and second, that the analyst had burdened it with a title which the symphony was not wholly calculated to fulfil. For truth to tell, this so-called "Welsh" symphony does not by any means suggest the music of Wales with the fidelity and absoluteness of purpose that the "Scandinavian" depicts that of Sweden and Norway. The latter, moreover, is intended to suggest certain scenes and national characteristics; it borders on the line of programme-music. In the subsequent work there is no such intention, and beyond a turn here and there peculiar to Cambrian melody, it reveals little fixity of idea or plan to narrow down its limits from the wider sphere of abstract music pure and simple. There is not quite so much necessity for a name as the analytical writer would have us believe, and, apart from the pride of standing sponsor to what might turn out a successful work, he had slight justification for assuming what he has termed his "first duty."

Coming to the more important question of the actual merits of Mr. Cowen's fourth symphony, it may be said at once that he has written nothing more able, more thoughtful, or more satisfying to the cultivated ear. In it he has adhered strictly to orthodox form, and the four movements of which it consists are based on the usual model. The opening *allegro*, in B flat minor, is a musicianly bit of writing and beautifully scored, but not so individual or striking in character as the *scherzo*, which in this respect carries off the palm from the other three sections. On the other hand, the finale is, perhaps, the most attractive of all; it is replete with well-sustained spirit, and the melodies are exceedingly graceful. Of the slow movement a decided opinion should not be expressed until it has been heard a second or even a third time; enough for the moment that it is not inferior to the rest in the skill with which it has been orchestrated. To sum up, the symphony fully sustains its composer's reputation, and subsequent renderings of it will be awaited with keen interest. By the Philharmonic band it was played *con amore*, though not, perhaps, to the faultless degree of perfection that may be looked for when the work has grown familiar to its interpreters. The opinion of the audience was expressed in no doubtful manner. Mr. Cowen had to acknowledge hearty applause after each movement, and at the end he was recalled to receive an ovation as frank and emphatic as it must have been gratifying.

Princes' Hall.

During the past month this comfortable hall—it would be elegant, too, but for the staring whiteness of its walls—has been the scene of no small proportion of the concerts wherewith London is overwhelmed at mid-season. Princes' Hall enjoys the advantage of being easily accessible, it does not require so large an audience to fill it as the popular concert-room on the other side of Piccadilly, and the acoustic properties, albeit by no means perfect, are sufficiently good for the satisfactory hearing of chamber-music and delicate vocal *nuances*. Foremost to deserve mention is the series of chamber-concerts given by Madame Frickenhaus and Herr Josef Ludwig. For once in a way excellence has met with due support, and these agreeable entertainments have been well attended.

Assisted by other able artists, the entrepreneurs have not only played standard works by the great masters, but have introduced several interesting novelties, quartets and so forth, by living as well as dead composers, that have been listened to with marked interest and favour. Few English pianists can lay claim to higher qualities as an executant than Madame Frickenhaus, who, despite her foreign name, is by birth and descent a native of this country. It is gratifying, therefore, to find that her talents are becoming more and more widely recognised, and to know that they have no stancher admirer than the director of the Monday Popular Concerts.

Mrs. Dutton Cook (Miss Linda Scates) gave a delightful concert on June 5, assisted by many well-known artists, a large audience being present. I am particular to record this out of the innumerable benefit *matinées* given lately, because it signifies the return to her profession of a gifted young pianist whose late husband was one of the most able and respected dramatic critics of his day. Under such conditions, Mrs. Cook must assuredly meet with a sincere welcome and hearty support from a large section of the art-loving public, and an earnest of this was duly forthcoming at her *matinée* at Princes' Hall.

The morning and evening concerts given by Signor Bottesini on June 17 were a failure simply because they were badly arranged. That many people were desirous of hearing the great contra-bass player after his sensational reappearance at the last Philharmonic Concert is indisputable. But they hesitated when it was found that to listen to him in two solos it would be necessary to sit out twenty others performed by "all sorts and conditions" of artistes. As a matter of fact, at the morning concert more than two hours intervened between each of Signor Bottesini's pieces. It is quite unnecessary to describe what was done meanwhile. Enough that the audience was so unutterably bored that the majority refused to wait even for the pleasure of hearing the *maestro* a second time. In the evening he played three solos, one of which was placed in the middle of the programme. This was a slight improvement, and the attendance throughout was better in consequence. It is needless to say that when Signor Bottesini did play he afforded his auditors a treat the like of which they may never enjoy again—at any rate, at the hands of any other exponent of the double-bass; for his mastery of this instrument is altogether unique, and notwithstanding all that may be said as to its small size and the peculiar tuning of exceptionally thin strings, we cannot often expect to hear an executant capable of producing from the unwieldy contra-bass all the qualities of the violin or the viola or the violoncello, whilst handling it with a nimbleness and dexterity such as many a fiddler might be proud to display on his own tiny instrument.

Mr. Charles Halle's chamber-music concerts are drawing to a close, the last two being announced for June 27 and July 4. More than the usual quantity of novelties have been introduced in the course of this series. Mr. Halle doubtless recognises the effect of competition, and sees that he must do more if he would have his chamber-concerts deemed an attractive summer edition of the Monday "Pops." The programme of June 13 included four "Märchen-Erzählungen," by Schumann (for violin, pianoforte, and viola), and that of June 27 a septet by Saint Saëns, for string quintet, pianoforte, and trumpet—both played for the first time in London.

Richter Concerts.

These concerts have wound up more satisfactorily than they began. On the last night there was not a spare seat to be had in St. James's Hall, and, altogether, Herr Richter's venture has suffered less by the "flat, stale, and unprofitable" nature of the season than many other established institutions of the kind that I could easily enumerate. The three concerts given in June were quite as interesting as their predecessors. On the 5th another of Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsodies was introduced—the No. 3, in D—which, strange to say, had never been

played before in England, albeit quite as animated and tuneful as any of Liszt's productions of the kind. It is distinguishable from the others by the employment in the orchestra of a "czimbalom," or dulcimer, by the aid of which some rather piquant effects are obtained. A noteworthy feature of this concert was the magnificent performance of two widely-contrasted works of genius—the "Leonora" overture by Beethoven, and Berlioz's extraordinary *Symphonie Fantastique*, "Episode de la Vie d'un Artiste." But in the way of contrasts nothing could well have been more remarkable than the scheme of the succeeding concert. Here, side by side with an old-fashioned overture by Méhul stood the "advanced" pianoforte concerto in F sharp, of Mr. C. Hubert Parry; while preceding the exquisite simplicity of Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony came that complex piece of tone-painting, Wotan's "Abschied und Feuerzauber," from "Die Walküre." These four items constituted the entire programme. Mr. Parry's concerto has been revised and partly rewritten since it was last played by Mr. Dannreuther, four years ago, but it still remains an intricate, involved piece of workmanship, possessing neither charm nor interest in proportion to the cleverness revealed in its construction. Mr. Dannreuther again played with admirable mechanical skill and intellectual grasp of his theme, but failed to impress his hearers in favour of the work itself, which mayhap is in advance of its time, and will be dubbed a masterpiece by posterity. Wotan's monologue in the "Nibelungen" excerpt was sung with stentorian effect by Herr Theodor Reichmann, while the playing of the orchestra in this and the symphony was a marvel of precision and refinement. Indeed, a finer interpretation of the "Pastoral" has never been heard in our time. The so-called "Romeo and Juliet" overture, which opened the last concert (June 16), is one of Raff's posthumous works. It is possible to urge, therefore, as an excuse for so dull, weary, and ill-finished a composition, that it may not have been intended for public hearing. To this the sublime "Schicksalslied" of Brahms came as a welcome set-off, against the charm of which not even the occasional doubtful intonation of the choir could seriously militate. Then was given one of those unapproachable renderings of the "Tannhäuser" overture, which Herr Richter has now accustomed his English audiences to expect; and finally, as a worthy ending to the concert and the season, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. Here criticism must be silent; in the case of the orchestra it would be impossible, and so far as concerns the vocal portion of the last movement, no one knowing the nature of the task Beethoven has set his singers would be so absurd as to find fault with trifles. Suffice it that Herr Richter achieved a signal triumph, and bade his patrons *au revoir* amid a perfect storm of applause and bravos.

Miscellaneous Concerts.

A most attractive annual concert was that given by Mr. Kuhe, which took place at St. James's Hall on June 18. This event is invariably attended by a large fashionable crowd, to whom the appearance in broad daylight of a galaxy of operatic talent is something quite irresistible. But Mr. Kuhe generally depends upon other *pièces de résistance* besides artists of the Royal Italian Opera, and in this instance he wisely took care to secure the services of several popular English vocalists, whose efforts, to judge by the applause, were scarcely less appreciated than those of their operatic rivals. Of course Mr. Kuhe himself gave some pianoforte solos, which were very favourably received, but the long excerpt from a sonata of Rubinstein's (played with that clever violinist, Mlle. Eissler) was a mistake in a concert of this description. A dramatic recitation was given by Mr. Wilson Barrett, who, following the lead of other famous actors, has evidently made up his mind to go in for this kind of thing. I can only add that it is extremely welcome to concert-goers, who find the contrast delightful in the midst of two or three hours' vocal and instrumental music.

Letters from Our Correspondents.

MANCHESTER.

The new St. James's Theatre and Opera House was inaugurated in Whitsun week by the London English Opera Company, who mustered in great force on the occasion. The opening night on Bank Holiday was devoted to "Maritana," but the strongest cast was reserved for the Tuesday and Friday, when the "Nozze di Figaro" was very successfully performed. The remaining evenings of the week were devoted to the "Lily of Killarney," "Il Trovatore," and "Fra Diavolo," all of which attracted crowded audiences, the prices for admission being very moderate throughout. Since the close of the brief opera season a series of promenade concerts have been given in the Great St. James's Hall by members of the company, all of which have been well attended.

Mr. de Jong's open-air concerts during the holiday-week were amongst the most popular of the numerous places of resort, both in the afternoons and evenings. An excellent choir of part-singers added variety to the orchestral performances, which, under the direction of so talented and experienced a conductor, were certain to be of a high order.

Mr. Hallé has completed his course of seven Beethoven recitals in connection with the Gentlemen's Concerts, during which he has performed the whole of the thirty-two sonatas which comprise the series. On the last occasion only did Mr. Hallé avail himself of the assistance of notes, the whole of the previous recitals having been given from memory. When, however, the gigantic nature of the last four sonatas is taken into consideration, especially the B flat and the C minor, it cannot be wondered that a man of Mr. Hallé's judgment should prefer not to risk the consequences of a lapse of memory to which anyone might be liable.

GLASGOW.

Few more agreeable hours can be spent than with Dr. Peace, on the occasion of his Cathedral organ recitals. Those were recently resumed, the first performance for the season having included, by way, presumably, of novelty, a selection of vocal music. The leading feature of the recital consisted of Dr. Peace's performance of Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in E minor, a worthy interpretation of a noble work, and listened to with rapt attention. The audience was a large one.

On the 7th ult. the summer concerts in the parks were resumed. During the season eleven bands will contribute to the enjoyment of the thousands of visitors who regularly turn out to those outdoor entertainments. The arrangements are under the auspices of the Corporation of Glasgow, and the committee in charge have again earned for themselves warm commendation by reason of the excellence of the programmes and the liberal provision made for hearing the best organisations in the city. These include the band and pipers of the 93rd Highlanders—by permission of the officers—the bands of the 1st L.A.V., 3rd L.R.V., 4th L.R.V., 5th L.R.V., and 8th L.R.V., as also the orchestra of the Royalty Theatre. There will be 114 performances during the season, these taking place in the Kelvingrove, Alexandra, and Queen's Parks four nights each week.

Handel's "Messiah" was given in the City Hall on the 6th ult. by a body of children, with the assistance of gentlemen amateurs in the tenor and bass parts. The youngsters belonged to various institutions under the management of the Glasgow School Board. So far, the idea of handing over the imperishable work to the care of juveniles has shown the advance made, from time to time, in the musical education supervised with so much intelligence by Mr. W. M. Miller. This painstaking musician can point with some pride to a record of well-defined success in his method of teaching. At the moment, amateurs may recall the demonstration which took place in the City Hall a year ago, when some wonderful performances were given by a choir of 1,000 children, also drawn from various Board schools. On that occasion the Tonic Sol-fa system secured, it must be frankly conceded, many adherents, more particularly as regards the value of its sight-singing phase. The various tests were undergone by mere infants, who read their music with suggestive enough accuracy. Concern we ourselves now, however, with the performance under more immediate notice. And, first of all, there is need for an expression of hope that we have heard the last of a children's "Messiah." Curiosity was more than satisfied when a Dundee musician invaded Glasgow some four years ago with a body of 200 juveniles. Handel was also their theme. After a fashion, it was demonstrated that children could be heard in several choruses with pleasure; but the line might safely be drawn at such works as "Pinafore," whose vocal strains command themselves to the young mind with exhilarating zest. Mr. Miller was not to be outrun by his professional brother on the east coast, and thus it has come to pass

that he has skilfully shown what can be made of the old Saxon master by local children. Many points were gained during the evening. The alto contingent was a strong one, and a little lady sang with infinite grace "Come unto Him."

Shakespeare must have had his watchful eye on the neighbouring burgh of Paisley, for has he not said somewhere, "I would I were a weaver; I could sing all manner of songs"? Vanduaria's poets plied the loom in bygone days to some purpose. They contrived music out of the shuttle, and blithely sang of the "clear siller fountains," and the bowers of their dearies. And amongst them all, Robert Tannahill stands out as the premier singer of some undying examples of the Scottish muse. R. A. Smith was an able coadjutor, "a musician," says George Hogarth, "of sterling talent. His compositions are tender, simple, and unpretending, and always graceful and unaffectedly elegant." Paisley has, tardily enough, some folks may think, paid the recognised tribute to her chief poet's memory. The author of "Jessie, the flower of Dunblane," died in 1810, and the Tannahill statue was only erected last year. From 1876 onwards, a series of open-air concerts were given in aid of the memorial fund. These took place in the "Glen," and, their special object having at length been attained, the pleasant annual outings were presumed to have ceased. Not so, however.

A genial musical excuse for an afternoon at the Braes of Gleniffer is not to be lightly set aside; and so it happened that Mr. J. Roy Fraser organised a body of vocalists, who, under the cognomen of the "Tannahill Choir," gave a concert on the Earl of Glasgow's grounds, adjoining the "Glen," on the 7th ult. Scotland's national bard has not, as yet, engaged the art of the sculptor in the neighbouring town. A movement is, then, on foot to secure for Paisley a worthy memorial of Burns, and the proceeds of the concert have been devoted, it is understood, to this object. Thus, "Balquidder" pays pretty homage to "Bonnie Doon." From a musical point of view, the gathering was hardly a success, the choir—numbering from three to four hundred voices—being deficient in tone, and the rehearsals were inadequate. The instrumental part of the programme was remarkably good; it was in the safe charge of the band of the 8th L. R. V. The visitors numbered, it is believed, close upon twenty thousand.

EDINBURGH.

JUNE 22ND.

The fickleness of the musical public had an illustration here on the occasion of Dr. von Bülow's concert, when the hall was barely half filled. Such a result raises the question: do we really care for intelligent and manly playing, or do we simply crowd to see the latest phenomenon whose qualities have been gossiped about in drawing-rooms and in press paragraphs? Ten years ago Dr. von Bülow was an Edinburgh favourite; he conducted the orchestral concerts, and his performances on the rostrum and at the piano were much in the ears and mouths of the public. Ten years ago; that explains! Yet Dr. von Bülow's powers have assuredly not waned. There has not been heard for many a day here so splendid an example of swift intelligence and comprehensive technique. Playing in many styles, he was master of all, and yet true to his composer. To hear him was an education and a delight.

Mr. Waddell chose for performance this year Cherubini's Mass in D, an arduous work which only a well-trained, firmly-handled body could attack. The choral parts of the work went to admiration, and if the solo singing was a trifle hesitant, the result was extremely creditable to amateur singers, especially as the parts were freely distributed. Mr. Waddell has worked hard, and to some purpose, to introduce unfamiliar choral works; and many amateurs here owe to him their acquaintance with the writing of Schumann and Brahms for voices. His chamber concerts have also proved pleasant innovations, as well as admirable educational efforts. The selection of the Mass was a happy one, as it was interesting to have a worthy presentation of Cherubini in a class of music to which he devoted much energy. Some scenes from Max Bruch's "Frithiof," which formed the second half of the programme, were made noteworthy by the singing of Mr. Millar Craig in the "Farewell" air; and the concluding chorus, Brahms's "Song of the Fates," was given with very great impressiveness. No fault could be found with the orchestration rendered by a small instrumental party. It would be worth while, however, to increase the number of players in view of the power of the choir.

LIVERPOOL.

JUNE 10TH.

The summer season at this favourite watering-place has opened very favourably, the number of visitors and

excursionists during Whit week being much above the average. On Saturday night the Pier and Parade were thronged. The town band is this year again under the leadership of Mr. Hatton, a first-class vocalist being engaged in the person of Mr. J. Ashley Thomas. Mr. Davies is again retained to conduct the excellent band engaged by the Pier Company, and Mr. Denbigh Newton, who was a great favourite last season, is re-engaged as the vocalist. The company have also provided an additional attraction in Professor Reddish, the well-known natationist, who is assisted by Miss Webb, another accomplished swimmer. The large concert pavilion which suffered so much damage during the March gale, is rapidly approaching completion, and will be inaugurated on Thursday by a musical festival.

OXFORD.

The festivities of the Commemoration at Oxford commenced last week with concerts at Jesus, Keble, and Pembroke Colleges, and on Sunday there was a crowded congregation at the university church, the usual promenade in the Broad Walk following. Services at New and Magdalen Chapels were also held and largely attended. Yesterday the special attraction was the concert given in the morning at the Sheldonian Theatre by the Philharmonic Society. The principal vocalists were Miss Mary Davies, Miss Atkins, and Madame Patey. Mr. Taylor, Mus. Bac., of New College, conducted, and Mr. Burnett led the band. The concert was well attended and proved a great success. At six o'clock the procession of boats took place, and the barges of the various colleges presented a most animated appearance, being crowded with lady visitors, and shortly after six the eights started from Ifley, rowed past the barges, and saluted the head boat (Exeter) by tossing their oars. Later in the evening a concert was given at New College, and Exeter College gave a ball to celebrate their being head of the river for three years in succession. A concert and dance were also given at Wadham College. The flower show takes place to-day, and the masonic fête will be given at Worcester College Gardens to-morrow, after the *encena* in the Sheldonian Theatre.

DUBLIN.

The annual Pupils' Concert of the Royal Irish Academy of Music was given with much success on the evening of the 10th June in the large hall of the Royal University Buildings, Earlsfort-terrace. The programme included a movement from Mozart's pianoforte concerto in D minor, played by Miss Kruger, scholar, with much ability, the orchestra, largely composed of pupils, displaying fair amount of finish.

Of the pianoforte solos, decided by the best, having regard to the ages of the pupils, was that by Miss Ethel Sharpe, a young lady of twelve, who played an impromptu by Schubert, with an excellence of phrasing and touch that were quite artistic. Very good, however, also were the solos by Miss Violet King, Miss M. Marks, and Miss Sterling. Mr. G. Richardson played on the violin pieces by Wienawski, with an ability that elicited very warm applause, though whether less advanced music would not have suited him better was a question. An organ piece, by Sir Robert Stewart, was very creditably played by Miss Ellis Douglas. There were also vocal solos. On the evening of the 20th June, Mrs. Joanna-Ward Moriarty, vocalist, a pupil of the Academy here, gave her first concert, in which she was assisted by Mr. R. M. Levey, violinist, Mr. John O'Donnell, cornet, and Messrs. McCarthy, O'Farrell, and Ryan, and Mrs. Charles Leet, vocalists. A new Irish song, by Mr. Kinnear-Lewis, called "Sons of Erin," was sung by Mr. McCarthy.

The violin playing of Mr. Levey and Mr. O'Donnell's cornet solos were very good features. On Saturday, the 21st June, there was a performance in Trinity College, with band and chorus, of portions of a new oratorio called "Samuel," by Mr. Frank Bates, Mus. B., and written for his degree of Doctor of Music in the Dublin University. The music is sound and scholarly, and a double fugue chorus was highly approved of by the most critical portion of the audience. There was also a performance in the chapel of the college of an excellent Te Deum, written for the degree of Bachelor in Music by Mr. Charles Marchant, a young musician, of much promise, who very efficiently fulfills the duties of organist of St. Patrick's Cathedral; though it may be mentioned for the information of your readers that Sir R. Stewart, our great Irish organist, who used to hold the post, but who has been long a vicar choral of the cathedral, always plays at the Sunday afternoon services.

During the past week, Mr. D'Oyly Carte's opera company have been performing "Iolanthe" at the Gaiety Theatre.

London Notes.

The London branch of the Wagner Society of Germany met on Monday, the 9th ult., at the house of the president (the Earl of Dysart), in Bruton-street, to hear a lecture by Mr. Ferdinand Praeger, entitled "Personal Reminiscences of Richard Wagner." An affectionate tribute was paid by this life-long friend of the master to Wagner's generosity, modesty, and consideration for others. His high powers as conductor of the orchestra, his friendship with Cipriani, Potter, Tausig, Röckel, and others, and his almost childlike love of rich surroundings were referred to. His fondness for animals Mr. Praeger attributed to his study of Hindoo religions. With Wagner's conclusion that the ninth symphony of Beethoven had struck the final note of music in its separate condition the lecturer ventured to disagree. He also mentioned that Wagner could never be sure in certain portions of his works whether the poetry or the music had been the first to evolve themselves from his inner consciousness. They would appear to have been born simultaneously.

The choir of St. Stephen's, South Kensington, sang the 2nd and 3rd parts of Gounod's "Redemption" on Sunday evening, the 8th ult., with great effect, under the direction of Mr. A. J. Caldicott, organist and choir-master. They repeated the same parts of this exquisite production the following Sunday evening, when the offertory was given to the Hospital Fund.

The Browning Society gave its third entertainment at University College on the evening of Friday, the 27th ult. Recitations were given and songs from Mr. Browning's works, the latter including several new settings by Miss Ethel Harraden and Mr. Edwin Bending (who took charge of the musical arrangements), composed expressly for this occasion. Mr. Stanford's "Cavalier Tunes" was also given, and a piece by the Abbé Vogler.

A concert was given at Dudley House on the 11th ult. on behalf of the Wimbledon Art College for Ladies. The artistes who assisted were Miss Jiswold, Miss Ella Lemmens, Miss De Fonblanque, Miss Adelaide Mullen, Miss Damian, Mr. Herbert Reeves, Mr. Winch, Mr. Isidore de Lara, Signor Foli, Madame Frickenhaus, Herr Josef Ludwig, and others. A most interesting and well-selected programme of vocal and instrumental music was admirably performed, and gave great satisfaction to the large and distinguished audience present. The result, it is hoped, will be altogether satisfactory as concerns the useful institution on whose behalf the concert was undertaken.

The Society of Arts' practical examinations in music, which have taken place at the society's house in the Adelphi, have been attended by a larger number of candidates than usual. Certificates have been granted to male and female performers for proficiency in singing, for violin playing, for the pianoforte, organ, and harmonium. The higher examination in honours (theoretical), attended by those who have previously been placed in the first class in the practical examinations, have also been held. The examiner is Mr. W. A. Barrett, Mus. Bac., Oxon.

Mr. Argent retains permanently the position of local representative of the Royal Academy for both Liverpool and Birkenhead, but owing to his residence in the last-named place the arrangement effected with Messrs. Cramer may be considered a fortunate one.

The Canadian Jubilee Singers gave a concert at the City Temple, on the 5th ult., before a surprisingly large audience, considering the unfavourable state of the weather. Dr. Parker presided. To say that the entertainment was interesting would be superfluous, considering its novel character; and that the artistes are possessed of vocal ability, in some cases of a high quality, is no less than the truth—notably in the case of Miss Lucinda Vance, who rendered some solos with considerable expression. A good deal of interest attaches to these eleven vocalists, owing to their peculiar and pathetic history. They are all Canadians, whose parents found a home in Canada under the protection of the "Union Jack" during the days of slavery. The singers are under the direction of Bishop Disney, of the province of Ontario, Canada, and the object of their mission is to obtain funds for the establishment of a theological institution for the training of young coloured men to be employed as missionaries in Canada. At the conclusion

of the concert a collection was made in the hall, and subscriptions were freely given.

Saturday, the 7th ult., was the last occasion on which the band of the Belgian Guides performed in the Horticultural Gardens, and in honour of the event there was in the evening a farewell *réception*, which attracted an immense assemblage, there being, it was believed, as many as from 20,000 to 25,000 persons present. The programme of the farewell performance of the Guides included the overture to "The Siege of Corinth" (Rossini), a *divertissement* from the "Prophète" (Meyerbeer), and from works of other great composers, concluding with a complimentary piece of music founded on airs, "Nationaux, Anglais et Belge." In compliment to the Guides the Grenadier Guards, under Mr. Dan Godfrey, rendered in splendid style the Belgian national air, the "Brabançonne." The illuminations and decorations of the gardens were also upon an extended scale. The 7th German (Magdeburg) Cuirassiers are now performing every evening in the gardens. Their afternoon concerts are given in the hall, the construction of which has, by testing, been found to be peculiarly suited to the "trumpet" music of the Cuirassiers, and seats have been provided for 7,000 persons. The band has brought the silver drums presented to them by the late Emperor of Russia. It is also understood they have with them their precious regimental relic—the trumpet which sounded the charge at Vionville, and which immediately afterwards was rendered useless through being perforated by bullets.

concerts, brought down some of the leading London artists, and at a suburban place of entertainment on the site where the Vauxhall station of the London and North-Western Railway now stands, there were concerts during the whole of the summer, and instrumental music on every evening excepting Sunday. Mr. Clark was an accomplished violinist and organist, and sometimes appeared as a vocalist. Mr. William Fletcher was the founder of a family of musicians, members of which rose to considerable eminence in the profession, and are still remembered. In connection with several churches erected during the second half of the eighteenth century, choral societies were established, and from programmes of performances given therein it may be gathered that the managers of the same were enthusiastic and energetic. St. Bartholomew's was erected in 1749, and St. Paul's in 1772. In one or other of these edifices annual performances for the benefit of the poor were given. Handel's works supplied the greater portion of the material for the schemes, most of the other composers being English.

At these meetings there was always a full band, many of the members coming purposely from London. The principal vocalists were the most accomplished amateurs of the neighbourhood, and members of the cathedral choirs of Lichfield and Worcester. The distribution of the proceeds was entrusted to the performers, and for more than a hundred years the aged and distressed housekeepers of the town were thus relieved. Just as the eighteenth century was drawing to a close, a subscription was inaugurated by the better-to-do portion of the Birmingham people for a series of high-class concerts in a then new assembly room in Temple-row. The zeal with which this proposal was responded to enabled the managers to secure the services at each concert of a number of the best singers and players of the time. An orchestral band of about thirty executants was maintained, and for fifty seasons these entertainments were carried on; but they at last declined before the more attractive concerts got up by new associations and musical impresarios in the Town Hall. That the Birmingham private subscription concerts did much good is undeniable, for through them the music-loving townspeople became acquainted with the symphonies of Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven, and with a large number of the finest operatic overtures, concertos, and smaller works, both vocal and instrumental.

At the commencement of the present century the scale of operations at the Triennial Festivals was considerably extended. At the 1805 meeting the performers numbered 120, and in 1808 there were 112 choristers and 66 instrumentalists. These advances were mainly the result of the counsels of Mr. Joseph Moore, a young man who came to Birmingham from Shelsby in Worcestershire to learn the trade of die-sinking, and who for many years devoted his energies to art matters. In 1808 he consolidated the Choral Society, and some years later strove for the erection of a building worthy of the triennial performances, the ultimate reward of his exertions being the erection of the Town Hall. In 1815 a new church (Christ Church) was built in the very centre of the town, wherein a large organ was erected by Elliot. The organ was opened by Mr. Jacob, of London, and the first organist, Mr. Banks, was made conductor of the Choral Society. This gentleman died in 1818, and was succeeded by Mr. Thomas Munden, who was recommended for the church and society situations by Ferdinand Ries, the pupil of Beethoven.

For about thirty years Mr. Munden resided in Birmingham, and during a great portion of that time directed the rehearsals of the Festival Choir, and officiated as conductor of the principal concert. The conductors of the festivals from the first, in 1768, to the twenty-second, in 1846, were successively Messrs. Bond, Clark, Harris, Crotch, Wesley, Greatorex, Knyvett, and Moscheles. The real work of direction, however, devolved upon the leader of the band, the so-called conductor being chiefly engaged in playing the organ.

The opening of the Town Hall in 1834 to a large extent revolutionised music in Birmingham, and the managers of the festivals at once made use of the facilities afforded for increasing the magnitude and importance of the already famous meetings. Fourteen principal vocalists, amongst whom were Madame Caradori, Allan, Mrs. Knyvett, Miss Clara Novello, Madame Stockhausen, Messrs. Braham, Vaughan, Phillips, and Machin, and Signor Curioni were engaged. The semi-chorus and chorus included 220 singers, and the instrumental band numbered 147 players. Peculiarities in

the band were the presence of eight horns, eight trombones, and four each of the other wind instruments.

Another and very important feature of the 1834 festival was that the committee for the first time gave a composer of eminence a commission for a new oratorio. The master who thus inaugurated the production of specially composed works at the Birmingham Triennial Meetings was the Chevalier Sigismund Neukomm. If his oratorio, "David," has not maintained a place in public favour, it must be remembered on account of the occasion of its first performances. After the 1834 festival Mr. George Hollins was appointed Town Hall organist, but this gentleman enjoyed the advantages of the post for a few years only. He died in 1842, and was succeeded by the present organist, Mr. James Stimpson.

The opening of the Town Hall was attended by other consequences not altogether pleasant to think about. Jealousies arose concerning rights of precedence, and the vocalists of the town were divided in their allegiance to two or three directors. Instigated, however, by the success of the London Sacred Harmonic Society, an attempt was made by the principal local professors to amalgamate the amateur and professional material of the district, and the result was the formation in 1841 of an association called the Birmingham Musical Institute. A band of about seventy instrumentalists was organised, as well as a chorus of more than 300 voices. An existence of about three years only was, however, vouchsafed for the new society, its dissolution resulting from the jealousies of the different sections. The choralists again attached themselves to different chiefs, but success was not thoroughly secured by any party, until the Festival Choral Society was reorganised by the members of the Festival Orchestral Committee and Mr. J. Stimpson. The doings of this and other organisations are, however, as much matters of memory as of history. The present state of music in Birmingham was referred to in the first number of "The Magazine of Music." The principal object of the present writing has been to show to what extent the art has been cultivated in times past in the provinces, and Birmingham may be regarded as a town satisfactorily exhibiting what has been done during a hundred years a hundred miles or more away from the metropolis. The chief town of the Midlands may hold up its head by virtue of its having witnessed the first production of Mendelssohn's "Elijah," Costa's "Eli" and "Naaman," Benedict's "St. Peter," Sullivan's "Light of the World," Gounod's "Redemption," Smart's "Bride of Dunkerron," Bennett's "Woman of Samaria," and a score of other works of the highest excellence. It is well known in musical circles that next year will bring a number of new triumphs.

The erection of the Town Hall brought about a great change in the style of musical entertainment in Birmingham. The concerts at Vauxhall at the beginning of the present century were artistically excellent, and the existence of a place suitable for meetings during the summer months was a thing to be rejoiced in. The last fifty years have seen but few attempts in the way of open-air performances. Jullien tried the experiment at Handsworth, three miles from the centre of the town. In Aston Park an attempt made a few years ago was singularly unsuccessful, while occasional concerts at the Edgbaston Botanical Gardens have not been satisfactory. The provisions made at these places have not been so extensive or so good as those formerly made at Vauxhall, and now the townspeople have no musical summer entertainment better than what is provided by the Police Band in one of the people's parks.

The manner in which the Triennial Festivals were esteemed by the townspeople and by the gentry of the neighbourhood, may be gathered from statements of the profits made for the hospital, which rose from £299 in 1768 to £2,550 in 1799, and to £5,001 in 1820. In the last-named year the demand for tickets was extraordinary, and one gentleman, finding himself disappointed in getting good seats at the general allotment, offered the sum of £100 if a good place could be secured for him. It need scarcely be said that the committee complied with his request, and they further made an offer to the said gentleman, that if he came a second time on the same terms, he should be seated between two of the handsomest countesses in the peerage. "But," says the narrator, "the gentleman did not dare to meet the promised blaze of beauty." He did not, however, repent of his bargain, for at the next festival he doubled his donation, and it may be hoped and believed that excellent seats were placed at his disposal.

Neukomm, idolised at the 1834 Festival, had to give

way in 1837 to Mendelssohn, and the latter composer, in a letter to Ferdinand Hiller, dated December 10, 1837, thus refers to his own reception and to the fall from popularity of the Chevalier:—"I have never before made such decided effect with my music, and have never seen the public so entirely taken up with me alone; and yet there is something about it—what shall I call it?—something slight and evanescent, which rather saddens and depresses than encourages me. It so happened that there was an antidote to all these eulogies on the spot, in the shape of Neukomm; this time they ran him down wholesale, received him in cold silence, and completely set him aside in all the arrangements, whereas three years ago they exalted him to the skies, put him above all other composers, and applauded him at every step. You will say that his music is not worth anything, and in that, no doubt, we agree; but still, those who were enraptured then, and now affect such superiority, do not know that. I am indignant about the whole affair, and Neukomm's quiet, equable behaviour appeared to me doubly praiseworthy and dignified when compared to theirs. This resolute demeanour of his has made me like him much better."

Charles Dibdin, the celebrated composer of nautical songs, who first appeared as an actor in the Birmingham Theatre, revisited the town twenty-five years later (in 1877) as an entertainment giver. He, however, lamented his visit, for, as he says, in his "Musical Tour," the fuliginous sons of Vulcan were, at the time, too busily attending horsemanship to take notice of him, and of the three entertainments he advertised he gave only two. He naturally hoped that those who had witnessed his *début* would crowd around him to recognise the maturity of the abilities they had seen in their infancy. No such thing, however; and what was additionally annoying to Mr. Dibdin, was the fact that the most aristocratic people of the town took tickets only of the lowest price, and his front seats were literally empty.

It must not be supposed that no opposition was made to the holding of music meetings in the churches of the town. From time to time the "very goody" people anathematized the managers and performers. When the Town Hall was opened the building was declared unsafe, inasmuch as the "Thunderstorm on a Lake," which was the Chevalier Neukomm's organ solo at the Festival of 1834, was said to have disturbed the foundations. In 1843 the then Rector of St. Martin's (the parish church) from the pulpit and in print, furiously denounced the Festival as a "fearful desecration of sacred things," adding to his denunciation a protest against the performance of Rossini's "Stabat Mater," which he called "one of the most idolatrous and anti-Christian compositions which can be met with even in any of the idolatrous and anti-Christian services of the Church of Rome."

Mr. W. T. Parke, the most famous English oboe player of his time, in his "Musical Memoirs," gives some amusing relations of the doings at the Birmingham Vauxhall Concerts. He is enthusiastic in his praises of the accommodation provided by the host, who elegantly lodged him and boarded him, in 1794, for fourteen shillings a week. At his benefit, 1,500 persons attended, the audience including most of the principal residents in the town and neighbourhood. Mr. Parke's own words may be used for the following story:—"Whilst remaining at Birmingham, I received polite attentions from several leading persons, particularly Mr. H—n, an old gentleman, who had been a manufacturer, but had retired many years since with a large fortune. He was a plain, good sort of man, but had a peculiar mode of expressing himself, generally ending his speech with the words 'such as it is.' The first time I visited him, on entering the dining parlour to partake of an excellent dinner, he desired I would sit next to him, adding, 'Mr. Parke, you see your dinner, —such as it is.' When the meal was finished, and the dessert and wine were placed on the table, he recommended to me some port wine which he had in bottle fifteen years, saying, 'Pray don't spare it, for you are heartily welcome to it—such as it is.' Having a concerto to play at Vauxhall that evening, I was compelled to depart rather early, and on rising to take my leave, the old gentleman said, with great kindness, 'Mr. Parke, I am sorry you are going so soon, for I should like to have more of your company—such as it is.'"

"Do you buy your music by the sheet?" inquired a young lady of the deacon's daughter. "Oh, no," she replied. "I always wait until Sunday, and then I get it by the *choir*."

Vibrations.

A clear, rich, massive voice of extraordinary compass, and yet full of all the graceful ease, the audacious frolic, of perfect physical health and strength and beauty. It was a voice which you trusted; after the first three notes you felt that that perfect ear, that perfect throat, could never, even by the thousandth part of a note, fall short of melody; and you gave your soul up to it, and cast yourself upon it, to bear you up and away, like a fairy steed, whither it would, down into the abysses of sadness, and up to the highest heaven of joy.

C. KINGSLEY.

Even as in Music, where all obey and concur to one end, so that each has the joy of contributing to a whole whereby he is ravished and lifted up into the courts of heaven, so will it be in that crowning time of the millennial reign, when our daily prayer will be fulfilled, and one law shall be written on all hearts, and be the very structure of all thought, and be the principle of all action.

GEORGE ELIOT.

The effect of Abstract Music—that is, music without words—upon the soul, though vague, weird, and undefinable, is so incontestable and all-powerful, that its immediate origin in nature itself can hardly for a moment be doubted. Musical combinations and progressions seem at times to recall something that does not belong to the present order of things, and to inspire almost a conviction that in another existence only will the full scope and significance of Abstract Music be understood.

H. DEACON.

For when one *does* hear an artist who combines good singing with intelligible pronunciation and dramatic power, who feels both words and Music, what immense increase to one's pleasure and one's profit! A thing once heard never to forget. Then one recognises that one is listening to fine poetry, clothed and decorated with a robe which the poet himself, with all his imagination and his skill, was powerless to weave—which the musician alone could construct for him. Then one sees how words, which as you read them seem to fly to heaven, are by the Music induced with still more celestial colours and a still swifter flight, made to grasp still more firmly and deeply the chords of the human heart. Then one realises that fine singing is only fine speaking; and that the great function of Music is to intensify and ennoble the emotions and aspirations which the poet had put into the words. GEORGE GROVE.

The meaning of song goes deep. Who is there that, in logical words, can express the effect Music has on us? A kind of inarticulate unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and lets us for a moment gaze into that.

T. CARLYLE.

Humoresque.

Jonathan Battishill, an eminent musician of the last century, hearing that Dr. Nares, then master of the children of the King's Abbey, was somewhat unwell, asked what was his complaint? Informed that it chiefly consisted of a singing in the doctor's head, answered, "that's a favourable symptom, for, if there be *singing* in his head now, who knows but that some time or other there may be *music* there."

A gentleman at a musical party, where the lady was very particular not to have the concert of sweet sounds interrupted, was freezing during the performance of a long concert piece, and, seeing that the fire was going out, asked a friend, in a whisper, how he should stir the fire without interrupting the music. "Between the *bars*," replied his friend.

The man who played the flute, by some accident broke it while in the orchestra at Covent Garden Theatre; Edwin, running into the green-room, cried out, "Poor fellow, poor fellow!" "What's the matter, my dear sir?" cried Mrs. Webb. "Why, madam," rejoined Edwin, "poor Mr. Green has just split his *wind-pipe*."

A young gentleman being pressed very hard in company to sing, even after he had solemnly assured them that he could not, observed testily, that they were wanting to make a butt of him. "No, my good sir," said Mr. Colman, who was present, "we only want to get a *stave* out of you."

Incidents in the Life of Handel.

Handel was, at one time, on terms of friendly intimacy with the Rev. J. Fountayne, an enthusiastic amateur, whose grandson, some fifty years ago, related the following anecdote.

"My grandfather, as I have been told, was an enthusiast in music, and cultivated most of all the friendship of musical men, especially of Handel, who visited him often, and had a great predilection for his society. This leads me to relate an anecdote, which I have on the best authority. While Marylebone Gardens were flourishing, the enchanting music of Handel, and probably of Arne, was often heard from the orchestra there. One evening, as my grandfather and Handel were walking together, a new piece was struck up by the band. 'Come, Mr. Fountayne,' said Handel, 'let us sit down and listen to this piece; I want to know your opinion of it.' Down they sat; and, after some time, the old parson, turning to his companion, said, 'It is not worth listening to—it is very poor stuff.' 'You are right, Mr. Fountayne,' said Handel, 'it is very poor stuff. I thought so, myself, when I had finished it.' The old gentleman, being taken by surprise, was beginning to apologise; but Handel assured him there was no necessity; that the music was really bad, having been composed hastily, and his time for its production having been limited; and that the opinion given was as correct as it was honest." We have been told, on other authority, that this gentleman took a number of little high-born pupils into his house; and that the sight of their fresh young faces, as they walked to church in procession, dressed, after the fashion of the period, in gold-laced coats, of red, blue, green, or peach-blossom velvet, with point-lace tuckers, three-cornered cocked hats trimmed with gold or silver, silk stockings, and buckled shoes, was one of the prettiest things in London. One can fancy the little fellows wandering two by two about the Gardens, while the two old gentlemen sat down by themselves to discuss the quality of the music: the critical amateur laying down the law with the assurance of a man who understands what he is talking about; and the "great bear's" eye twinkling with enjoyment at the prospect of the coming fun.

Handel's nerves were too irritable to endure the sound of tuning; the musicians who performed in his Orchestra, therefore, tuned their instruments before his arrival. One evening, when the Prince of Wales was expected to be present, some foolish persons untuned them all, for fun. "As soon as the Prince arrived," says Dr. Busby, "Handel gave the signal to begin, *cos spirto*, but such was the horrible discord, that the enraged musician started up from his seat, and having overturned a Double Bass which stood in his way, seized a Kettledrum, which he threw with such force at the leader of the band that he lost his full-bottomed wig in the effort. Without waiting to replace it, he advanced, bareheaded, to the front of the Orchestra, breathing vengeance, but so choked with passion that utterance was denied him. In this ridiculous attitude he stood, staring and stamping, for some moments, amidst the general convulsion of laughter; nor could he be prevailed upon to resume his seat, until the Prince went in person, and with much difficulty appeased his wrath.

Burney tells innumerable anecdotes relating to the humorous side of Handel's character. On one occasion he tells us an English singer, named Gordon, found fault with his method of accompanying. High words ensued, and Gordon finished by saying that, if Handel persisted in accompanying him in that manner, he would jump upon his Harpsichord and smash it to pieces. "Oh!" replied Handel, "let me know when you will do that, and I will advertise it, for I am sure more people will come to see you jump than to hear you sing."

This story is perfectly consistent with the account which Burney gives, in several different places, of his caustic wit. The same historian says:—"He was impetuous, rough and petemitory in his manners and conversation, but totally devoid of ill-nature or malevolence; indeed, there was an original humour and plausibility in

his most lively sallies of anger and impatience, which, with his broken English, were extremely risible."

One night when Handel was in Dublin, Dubourg (a well-known violin player of that time), having a solo part in a song, and a close to make *ad libitum*, he wandered about in different keys a good while, and seemed, indeed, a little bewildered and uncertain of his original key; but, at length, coming to the shade which was to terminate this long close, Handel, to the great delight of the audience, cried out, loud enough to be heard in the most remote part of the theatre, "You are welcome home, Mr. Dubourg."

The best proof that these little sallies were not ill-natured lies in the fact that they sometimes turned against himself. Not even in the midst of his deepest affliction could he resist his natural propensity to joke. Mr. Coxe tells us that, "His surgeon, Mr. Sharp, having asked him if he was able to continue playing the Organ in public, for the performance of the *Oratorios*, Handel replied in the negative. Sharp recommended Stanley (also a blind man) as a person whose memory never failed; upon which Handel burst into a loud laugh, and said, 'Mr. Sharp, have you never read the Scriptures? Do you not remember, if the blind lead the blind, they fall into the ditch?'"

In corroboration of Burney's account, Mr. Coxe tells us that, "In temper he was irascible, impatient of contradiction, but not vindictive; jealous of his musical pre-eminence, and tenacious in all points which regarded his professional honour."

One of Burney's best-known and most frequently-repeated anecdotes is an unpleasant one, relating to Handel's proverbial attachment to the pleasures of the table. Burney, who gives it at second-hand only, relates it in the following words:—

"The late Mr. Brown, leader of his Majesty's band, used to tell me several good stories of Handel's love of good cheer, liquid and solid, as well as of his impatience. Of the former he gave an instance, which was accidentally discovered at his own house in Brook Street, where Brown in the *Oratorio Season*, among other principal performers, was at dinner. During the repast Handel often cried out, 'Oh! I have the thought'; when the company, unwilling that out of civility to them the public should be robbed of anything so valuable as his musical ideas, begged he would retire and write them down; with which request, however, he so frequently complied that, at last, one of the most suspicious had the ill-bred curiosity to peep through the keyhole to the adjoining room, when he perceived that these 'thoughts' were only bestowed on a fresh hamper of Burgundy, which, as was afterwards discovered, he had received as a present from his friend, the late Lord Radnor, while his company was regaled with more generous and spirited port."

Tradition asserts that on another occasion, finding it convenient to dine at a tavern, he ordered dinner for three. The repast was so long in preparation that he grew impatient, and sent for the host. "Why do you keep me so long waiting?" he asked, with the impetuosity of a hungry man. "We are waiting till the company arrives," said the innkeeper. "Then bring up the dinner *prestissimo*," said Handel; "I am the company."

It is certain that Handel had a great appetite, though we may be sure that the circumstance has been grossly exaggerated.

In touching contrast to these absurd stories, Shield tells us that when Handel's servant used to bring him his chocolate in the morning, "he often stood silent with astonishment to see his master's tears mixing with the ink as he penned his divine compositions." And Burgh relates that "a friend calling upon the great musician when in the act of setting those pathetic words, 'He was despised and rejected of men,' found him absolutely sobbing."

Dr. Beattie tells us that, "Some days after the first exhibition of his *Oratorio*, 'The Messiah' (at London), Handel came to pay his respects to Lord Kinnoul, with whom he was particularly acquainted. His lordship, as was natural, paid him some compliments on the noble entertainment which he had lately given the town. 'My lord,' said Handel, 'I should be sorry if I only entertained them. I wish to make them better.'"

In strict conformity with the more serious side of his character, exhibited in the two last anecdotes, is the in-

variable courtesy observable in his correspondence—a politeness no less strongly marked in the letters to his beloved brother-in-law, than in those addressed to the British Envoy, or Mr. Jennens. When pencilling the most rapid annotations in his Scores, he scarcely ever neglected to apply the title "Mr." or "Signa." to the singers to whom his airs were assigned, even when the same names occurred seven or eight times in the same work.

The first volume of the *Somerset House Gazette*, published in 1823, feigns to repeat a curious conversation with Handel, which has sometimes been mistaken for an authentic record. The supposed discussion is reported by its fictitious narrator, Mr. Ephraim Hardcastle, as having taken place at the house of his great-uncle, Mr. Zachary Hardcastle, an old gentleman of refined taste and extensive acquaintance with artists and literary men, residing in Paper Buildings. Colley Cibber and Dr. Pepusch are represented as sitting down to breakfast with the venerable *dilettante*, intending to go with him afterwards to hear some distinguished candidates compete for the appointment of Organist at the Temple Church. Dr. Arne is expected, but before his arrival Handel walks in, and thus begins the conversation:—

"What! mine dear friend, Hardcastle—what! You are merry by times. What! Mr. Colley Cibber, too! Ay, and Dr. Pepusch, as well! Well, that is comical! Well, my friends, and how wags the world with you, mine dears? Pray, pray, do let me sit down a moment."

"Pepusch took the great man's hat, Colley Cibber took his stick, and my great-uncle wheeled round his reading-chair, which was somewhat about the dimensions of that in which our Kings and Queens are crowned, and then the great man sat him down.

"Well, I thank you, gentlemen; now I am at mine ease once more. Upon mine word, that is a picture of a ham. It is very bold of me to come to breakfast with you uninvited; and I have brought with me a notable appetite, for the water of old Father Thames is not a fine bracer of the stomach?"

"You do me great honour, Mr. Handel," said my great-uncle; "I take this early visit as a great kindness."

"A delightful morning for the water," said Colley Cibber.

"Pray, did you come with oars or scullers, Mr. Handel?" said Pepusch.

"Now how can you demand of me that silly question? you who are a Musician, and a man of science, Dr. Pepusch. What can it concern you, whether, I have one waterman, or two watermen—whether I pull out mine purse for to pay one shilling, or two. Diavolo! I cannot go here, or I cannot go there, but some one shall send it to some newspaper, as how Mr. George Frideric Handel did go sometimes last week in a waterman's wherry, to break his fast with Mr. Zac Hardcastle; but it shall be all the fault with myself, if it shall be put in print, whether I was rowed by one waterman, or by two watermen. So, Dr. Pepusch, you will please excuse me from that."

"Nothing made Handel so peevish in his latter days as being questioned about trivial matters. He used to say, 'If a man cannot think but as a fool, let him keep his fool's tongue in his fool's mouth.' But Handel, for all these little impatient humours, was a kind and good-hearted man."

"Poor Dr. Pepusch was for a moment disconcerted, but it was forgotten in the first dish of coffee."

"Well, gentlemen," said my great-uncle Zachary, looking at his Tompion, "it is ten minutes past nine; shall we wait more for Dr. Arne?"

"Let us give him another five minutes' chance, Master Hardcastle," said Colley Cibber; "he is too great a genius to keep time."

"Let us put it to the vote," said Dr. Pepusch, smiling. "Who holds up hands?"

"I will second your motion, with all my heart," said Handel. "I will hold up my feeble hands for mine old friend, Gustus," for I know not who I would await for, over and above mine old rival, Master Tom.† Only, by your permission, I will take a snack of your ham, and a slice of French roll, or a modicum of chicken; for, to

* Meaning Dr. Arne: whose name, however, was not Augustus, but Augustine.

† Dr. Pepusch, whose name was Thomas.

tell you the honest fact, I am all but famished, for I laid me down on mine pillow in bed, the last night, without mine supper, at the instance of mine physician; for which I am not altogether inclined to extend mine fast no longer.' Then, laughing, 'But, perhaps, Mr. Colley Cibber, you may like to put that to the vote? But I shall not second the motion, nor shall I hold up mine hand, as I will, by permission, employ it some time in a better office. So, if you please, do me the kindness to cut me a small slice of ham.'

Life of Handel, by W. S. Rockstro.

Children's Column.

UPON a pleasant spot, removed
From the camp's hubbub, where the thicket strong
Of huge-eared cactus makes a bordering curve
And casts a shadow, lies a sleeping man
With Spanish hat screening his upturned face,
His doublet loose, his right arm backward flung,
His left caressing close the long-necked lute
That seems to sleep too, leaning tow'rds its lord.
He draws deep breath secure but not unwatched.
Moving a-tiptoe, silent as the elve,
As mischievous too, trip three bare-footed girls
Not opened yet to womanhood—dark flowers
In slim long buds: some paces farther off
Gathers a little white-teethed shaggy group,
A grinning chorus to the merry play.

The tripping girls have robbed the sleeping man
Of all his ornaments. Hita is decked
With an embroidered scarf across her rags;
Tralla, with thorns for pins, sticks two rosettes
Upon her threadbare woollen; Hinda now,
Prettiest and boldest, tucks her kirtle up
As wallet for the stolen buttons—then
Bends with her knife to cut from off the hat
The aigrette and long feather; deftly cuts,
Yet wakes the sleeper, who with sudden start
Shakes off the masking hat and shows the face
Of Juan: Hinda swift as thought leaps back,
But carries off the spoil triumphantly,
And leads the chorus of a happy laugh,
Running with all the naked-footed imps,
Till with safe survey all can face about
And watch for signs of stimulating chase,
While Hinda ties long grass around her brow
To stick the feather in with majesty.
Juan still sits contemplative, with looks
Alternate at the spoilers and their work.

JUAN.

Ah, you marauding kite—my feather gone!
My belt, my scarf, my buttons and rosettes!
This is to be a brother of your tribe!
The fiery-blooded children of the Sun—
So says chief Zarea—children of the Sun!
Ay, ay, the black and stinging flies he breeds
To plague the decent body of mankind.
Orpheus, professor of the *gai saber*,
Made all the brutes polite by dint of song."
Pregnant—but as a guide in daily life
Delusive. For if song and music cure
The barbarous trick of thieving, 'tis a cure
That works as slowly as old Doctor Time
In curing folly. Why, the minxes there
Have rhythm in their toes, and music rings
As readily from them as from little bells.
Swung by the breeze. Well, I will try the physic.

(He touches his lute.)

Hem! taken rightly, any single thing,
The Rabbis say, implies all other things.
A knotty task, though, the unravelling
Meum and Tuum from a saraband:
It needs a subtle logic, nay, perhaps
A good large property, to see the thread.

(He touches the lute again.)

There's more of odd than even in this world,
Else pretty sinners would not be let off
Sooner than ugly; for if honeycombs
Are to be got by stealing, they should go
Where life is bitterest on the tongue. And yet
Because this minx has pretty ways I wink
At all her tricks, though if a flat-faced lass,

With eyes askew, were half as bold as she,
I should chastise her with a hazel switch.
I'm a plucked peacock—even my voice and wit
Without a tail! Why, any fool detects
The absence of your tail, but twenty fools
May not detect the presence of your wit.

(He touches his lute again.)

Well, I must coax my tail back cunningly,
For to run after these brown lizards—ah!

I think the lizards lift their ears at this.

(As he thrums his lute the lads and girls gradually approach; he touches it more briskly, and HINDA, advancing, begins to move arms and legs with an initiatory dancing movement, smiting coaxingly at JUAN. He suddenly stabs, lays down his lute and folds his arms.)

JUAN.

What, you expect a tune to dance to, eh?

HINDA, HITA, TRALLA, AND THE REST *(clapping their hands).*

Yes, yes, a tune, a tune!

JUAN.
But that is what you cannot have, my sweet brothers and sisters. The tunes are all dead—dead as the tunes of the lark when you have plucked his wings off; dead as the song of the grasshopper when the ass has swallowed him. I can play and sing no more. Hinda has killed my tunes.

(All cry out in consternation. HINDA gives a wail and tries to examine the lute.)

JUAN *(waving her off).*

Understand, Senora Hinda, that the tunes are in me; they are not in the lute till I put them there. And if you cross my humour, I shall be as tuneless as a bag of wool. If the tunes are to be brought to life again, I must have my feather back.

(HINDA kisses his hands and feet coaxingly.)

No, no! Not a note will come for coaxing. The feather, I say, the feather!

(HINDA sorrowfully takes off the feather, and gives it to JUAN.)

Ah, now let us see. Perhaps a tune will come.

(He plays a measure, and the three girls begin to dance; then he suddenly stops.)

JUAN.

No, the tune will not come; it wants the aigrette *(pointing to it on HINDA's neck.)*

(HINDA with rather less hesitation, but again sorrowfully, takes off the aigrette, and gives it to him.)

JUAN.

Ha! *(He plays again, but, after rather a longer time, again stops.)* No, no; 'tis the buttons are wanting, Hinda, the buttons. This tune feeds chiefly on buttons—a greedy tune. It wants one, two, three, four, five, six, Good!

(After HINDA has given up the buttons, and JUAN has laid them down one by one, he begins to play again, going on longer than before, so that the dancers become excited by the movement. Then he stops.)

JUAN.

Ah, Hita, it is the belt, and Tralla, the rosettes—both are wanting. I see the tune will not go on without them.

(HITA and TRALLA take off the belt and rosettes, and lay them down quickly, being fired by the dancing and eager for the music. All the articles lie by JUAN's side on the ground.)

JUAN.

Good, good, my docile wild cats! Now I think the tunes are all alive again. Now you may dance and sing too. Hinda, my little screamer, lead off with the song I taught you, and let us see if the tune will go right on from beginning to end.

(He plays. The dance begins again, HINDA singing.

All the other boys and girls join in the chorus, and all at last dance wildly. When the dance is at its height, HINDA breaks away from the rest, and dances round JUAN, who is now standing. As he turns a little to watch her movement, some of the boys skip towards the feather, aigrette, &c., snatch them up, and run away, swiftly followed by HITA, TRALLA, and the rest. HINDA, as she turns again, sees them, screams, and falls in her whirling; but immediately gets up, and rushes after them, still screaming with rage.)

GEORGE ELIOT.

Music in Song.

SWEET THOUGHTS REMAINING.

"MUSIC, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory;
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken;
Roses, when the rose is dead,
Are heap'd for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts when thou art gone,
Love itself, shall slumber on."—SHELLEY.

TO A PIANIST.

I saw thee once, I see thee now;
Thy pure young face, thy noble mien;
Thy truthful eyes, thy radiant brow,
All childlike, lovely, and serene;
Rapt in harmonious visions proud,
Scarce conscious of the audient crowd.

I heard thee when the instrument,
Possessed and quickened by thy soul,
Impassioned and intelligent,
Responded to thy full control
With all the treasures of its dower,
Its sweetest and its grandest power.

I saw and heard with such delight
As rarely charms our lower sphere;
Blind Handel would not miss his sight,
Thy beauty voiced thus in his ear;
Beethoven in that face would see
His glorious unheard harmony.

JAMES THOMSON:
"City of Dreadful Night."

A MAGIC CONCERT.

ERTSOONES they heard a most melodious sound
Of all that mote delight a dainty ear,
Such as at once might not on mortal ground,
Save in this Paradise, be heard elsewhere:
Right hard it was for wight which did it hear,
To read what manner musick that mote be;
For all that pleasing is to living ear,
Was there consorted in one harmony;
Birds, voices, instruments, wind, waters, all agree.

The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade,
Their notes unto the voice attemper'd sweet;
Th' angelical soft trembling voices made
To th' instruments divine respondence sweet;
The silver sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmur of the waters' fall;
The waters' fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call,
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

SPENSER.

OBERON.—My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

PUCK.—I remember.
A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act II., scene 1.

Musical Literary Curiosities.

The following epigram on the subject of bad music is ascribed to Meharchus:—

"Men die when the night raven sings or cries,

But when Dick sings, e'en the night raven dies."

Another equally interesting, and ascribed to Leonidas, says:—

"The harper, Simylus, the whole night through,

Harped till his music all the neighbours slew;

All but deaf Origen, for whose dull ears

Nature atoned by giving ten years."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

35, Wood-street, Woolwich, S.E.

June 10th, 1884.

DEAR SIR.—Being among those who are ardent lovers of music, while having scanty time for its cultivation, I have only been able to give your improved notation a somewhat superficial examination. The result has, however, gone far to demonstrate its manifest advantage in many points over the present system. The identity of construction of the stave with the keyboard is a boon which children will readily appreciate. The really beautiful simplicity of the chromatic scale also seems the nearest substitute that can be conceived for a "Royal road" to the comprehension of many difficult works of the great masters. In the case of singing, however, and also in the mental picturing of an instrumental score, I should rather prefer being free from the trammels of the pianoforte keyboard. No one with a thorough knowledge of the old notation would look on the notes of the stave as representing *keys* instead of *sounds*, at least away from his instrument. But according to the new plan one is almost compelled to do so by the form of the keyboard lying before him. Of course I speak from a limited experience of the keyboard-stave; but it is rather irksome, after an instant realisation of the mental effect of a chord at sight in the old notation, to have to gain this end in the *new* by the transmission of the imagination to the pianoforte keyboard, to find the names of the keys and group them together in the mind.

Dr. Frost's letter in your May number is valuable as that of an undoubted authority with regard to the difficulties which most beset musical students, and I, for one, should be deeply interested in hearing more on the same matter; but I trust that in any reform to secure a better understanding of the time of notes, &c., which he and others may be disposed to further in the future, they will deal very tenderly with our beloved minim, crotchet, and quaver, which have a far deeper place in our regard than the stave which the Reform Association are using all their energies to banish.

Faithfully yours,
GEO. H. HARRIS.

Questions & Answers.

R. A.—Some teach to practise the scales with the music before you; others teach to practise them without the notes. Which is the better way?

Ans.—The scales, and, in fact, nearly all purely technical exercises, should be committed to memory. The only possible objection to this is that, when not reading the notes, young players sometimes form the habit of looking at their hands. This should be guarded against. If necessary, a paper or cloth may be so stretched over the pupil's hands as to hide them from sight.

T. F.—What is the correct way of playing hymn-tunes on a cabinet organ or pipe organ? Is it to tie all the parts except the soprano when there is no change of harmony, or to keep all the parts moving along together? An answer in your paper will oblige.

Ans.—The former is the general practice, when the quiet *legato* style prevails; but occasionally it is better, for exceptional effects, to strike each chord as if playing on a pianoforte.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Would you name one or two easy sonatas that would be suitable for the organ; also a few pieces, with variations, adapted for the organ?

Ans.—There are no really easy sonatas or variations for the organ, such compositions being intended for concert performers. You can, however, find portions of some pianoforte sonatas arranged for the organ, possibly by W. T. Best, whose arrangements of organ music are used by the best teachers and players.

2.—In giving expression to music on an organ, should

it be by arranging the stops, or by using the knee-swell and pedal-blower?

Ans.—For comparatively short, slight effects, the latter is preferable on a reed-organ. For marking the entrance of a new theme, or for very strong contrasts, a change of stops is best.

D. D. J.—I am about to purchase a piano, but am not decided as to the make. Which piano do you consider the best? Which is the better piano—the Steinway or Brinsmead?

Ans.—There is no one manufacturer whose pianos are, as a rule, better than any others. Certain makers intend to produce only thoroughly good instruments, and one may be sure that their work is well done. But among these honestly-made pianos there is always a choice—and that, too, even when they are equally good—some persons preferring a brilliant tone, and some a more singing, *cantabile* quality; some, a stiff action, and others one more elastic and responsive. We cannot decide between the general merits of any two makers, both of whom give reliable instruments, as each excels in different directions.

A. M.—Can you inform me what is supposed to be the oldest pianoforte instruction book?

Ans.—One of the oldest on record is that by Eusebius Ammerbach, entitled "Orgel oder Instrument Tablatur," and was published in 1571 in Leipzig.

2. Is there any English translation of Padre Martini's treatise on counterpoint, canon, and fugue?

Ans.—We have not been able to find one.

3. What treatise on fugue do you consider the best?

Ans.—That in the Novello *Musical Primer* Series is as clear as any, and this may be studied in conjunction with Richter's.

4. What work will give the clearest idea of musical form?

Ans.—Probably one of Novello's *Musical Primers*, entitled "Form," by E. Pauer, though we have not examined it.

W. A. B.—Please state the proper positions for a choir of four parts.

Ans.—A quartet choir should stand in the following order, reckoning from right to left:—Tenor, soprano, alto, bass (or baritone). This arrangement seems best adapted, not only for the perfect blending of the four voices, but also for the various duets and trios that so frequently occur in church music.

N. R.—Can any note be omitted in an inversion of a chord of the seventh?

Ans.—The fifth of the chord is sometimes properly omitted, but it is more customary to use all the intervals of seventh chords, when the chords are inverted.

X. C. T.—Given three hours to practise clarinet, can they be better employed than by giving one hour to scales and chords, one hour to the practice of studies on articulation, and one hour to sole practice? There seems to be a diversity of opinion here concerning this matter, some claiming that the practice of pieces is all that is necessary to make one a good instrumentalist. What is your opinion?

Ans.—While there might be a proper difference of opinion as to the particular way of developing mechanical skill, your first statement outlines the best course; and a sufficient reply to those who rely wholly upon the practice of solos is that no person ever became eminent as a solo performer who did not devote a great deal of time to the exclusive practice of technique. In the end this is by far the shorter way, and, indeed, the only correct way of making a fine player. Of course, in addition to the practice of scales, arpeggios, and the various passages most frequently met with, one needs to devote special study to any difficulties that occur in a solo; but these will be found to be comparatively trifling after thorough work on technique.

Q.—1. Are unknown composers usually at the expense of publishing their first compositions?

Ans.—Various arrangements can be made. The composer can pay all the expense and take his own risk as to profit or loss on the sales. This usually results in loss, unless he possess unusual facilities for introducing his own works. Sometimes, public singers are paid for singing songs in concerts, and thus advertising them. Another plan, often pursued, is for a music publisher to assume all the expense, provided the composer will buy a stipulated number of copies at one-half the retail price. None but inexperienced writers make such an arrangement, as it is expensive; the only compensation being the pleasure (?) of seeing one's name in print on a piece, of which, in a few years, one will probably be

heartily ashamed. If a composition be really meritorious, the publisher is usually ready either to buy it outright or to publish it at his own expense, and pay the composer a certain commission on all copies sold.

2. Between what figures do the prices of good manuscripts of quartets and solos vary?

Ans.—Do you mean to ask the cost of publishing such pieces? If so, write to any reputable music publisher, and you will learn his price for a title-page, for engraving each page, for printing each one hundred copies, etc.

Notices of New Music.

On the 1st August, Mr. F. PITMAN, of 20 and 21, Paternoster-row, E.C., will publish a new work, entitled *The Musical Artists (Literary and Musical) Lecturers' and Entertainers' Guide and Entrepreneurs' Directory*, under the patronage of Sir G. A. Macfarren. It will contain a list of vocalists and instrumentalists, concert parties, lecturers, reciters; also a complete list of upwards of 1,600 places in Great Britain and Ireland, arranged alphabetically under their respective countries, giving musical societies and institutes, concert givers, public halls, etc. The work will be continued annually. From the prospectus, it bids fair to be of considerable value to the musical world.

MESSRS. J. B. CRAMER & CO., REGENT-STREET, W. *Jerusalem*. Words by Nella. Music by Henry Parker.—Mr. Parker's song (recitative and air) has in it all the elements of a prolonged popularity. Of the class which Gounod and Sullivan have made familiar, it has a melody with many pleasant phrases and a picturesque and rich accompaniment. It is considerably above the ordinary run of sacred songs to which the vocalist, unambitious of repeating well-worn oratorio music, is confined, and as such it is a welcome addition to the repertory of religious solos.

EDWIN ASHDOWN, HANOVER-SQUARE, LONDON. *La Course au Clocher (Steeplechase)*. Galop de Bravoure. Par Gustave Lange. Op. 309.—The name of Gustave Lange is well known as that of an extremely fecund writer of popular music, and the present galop, if it has not the subtler charm of some of his prior work, has many qualities of brilliance to command it to pianoforte players who are desirous either of attaining or displaying skill in technique. It is admirably adapted to the wants of those who are fond of music of the *con bravura, con tutta la forza, and sempre con fuoco* class.

Carnaval Galop. Par Paul Beaumont.—New waltz and galop melodies are almost as difficult to obtain as new plots in the drama or novel, and the "Carnaval" galop cannot lay claim to any great originality. The air, however, is well marked and catching, and the colouring clean and effective. The simplicity and popular qualities of the piece can hardly fail to ensure its success.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER AND CO., LONDON. *An Autumn Song*. For the pianoforte. By Tobias A. Matthay.—A piece in the direct line of descent from Chopin, of whose nocturnes it is in many places suggestive, though it is by no means wanting in a quaint originality of its own. Beautiful it can hardly be termed, but it is certainly of far more musical interest than the larger proportion of recent publications. The scoring is often clever, but the demands made upon the performer place it somewhat out of reach of the average pianist.

WILLCOCKS AND CO., 63, BERNERS-STREET, W. *Künstler-Träume*. Walzer von Julius Liebig. Op. 62.—Why the piece should be called an "Artist's Dream," it is not easy to say, but as a waltz it is light and graceful, though with no strikingly novel or poetic qualities. There is a pleasant flute element in the first movement, but the fourth movement and first part of the coda alone exhibit any very noticeable and welcome departure from the ordinary waltz manner.

Through want of space, several Notices of Music received stand over till next month.

MAGAZINE OF MUSIC

NEW SONG,

"I LOVE YOU TOO WELL."

Supplement.



Words by Clifton Bingham.

Music by Frederic H. Cowen.

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J. B. CRAMER & CO.,
201 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

"I LOVE YOU TOO WELL."

SONG.

WORDS BY G. CLIFTON BINGHAM.

MUSIC BY FREDERIC H. COWEN.

MOLTO ANDANTE.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Like

dim.

p

skies at morning breaking Are years as yet un . told;.....My heart with day is

wak . ing, And new strange dreams un . fold. I scarce . ly know love's mis . sion A

cres.

part from love's vague pain, Yet if I scorn the vi . stion, It

cres.

cres.

dim. e rit.

ne'er may come a . . . gain,..... Yet if I scorn the vi . sion It ne'er may come a . . .
dim.

cres.

colla voce.

gain.

A wish, I ne'er had meet you In heart of mine may dwell; But

p

f espress.

vain to say for . get you, But vain to say for . get you, I love you too

p

f

dim. rit.

well, I love, I love you too well!

espress.

dim. rit. a tempo. mf

p

It may be ere the mor. row The dream will pass a . way; The
 love that laughs at sor. row May on. ly last a day. And yet I would not
 won. der An hour if I but knew; For hearts are best a .
 sun. der If love be found un. true, For hearts are best a . sun. der If

dim. o rit.

love be found un.true! Some day I may re-gret you, The years a lone can

dim.

colla voce.

tell; But vain to say for.get you, But vain to say for.get you, I

love you too well,..... I love you too well,..... I love you, I love you, I

accel. e cres.

accel. e cres.

f rit.

love you too well!

f

f

sf

(J. C. D.)

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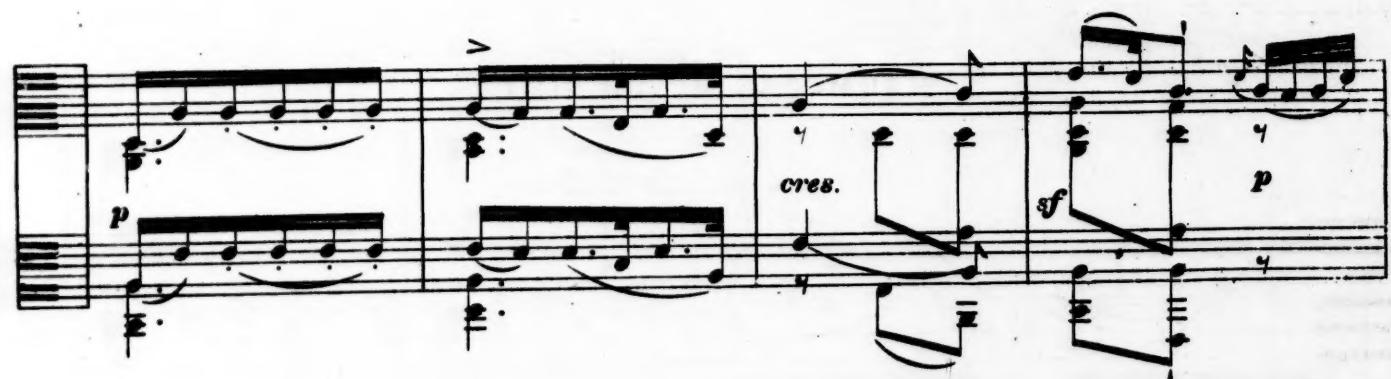
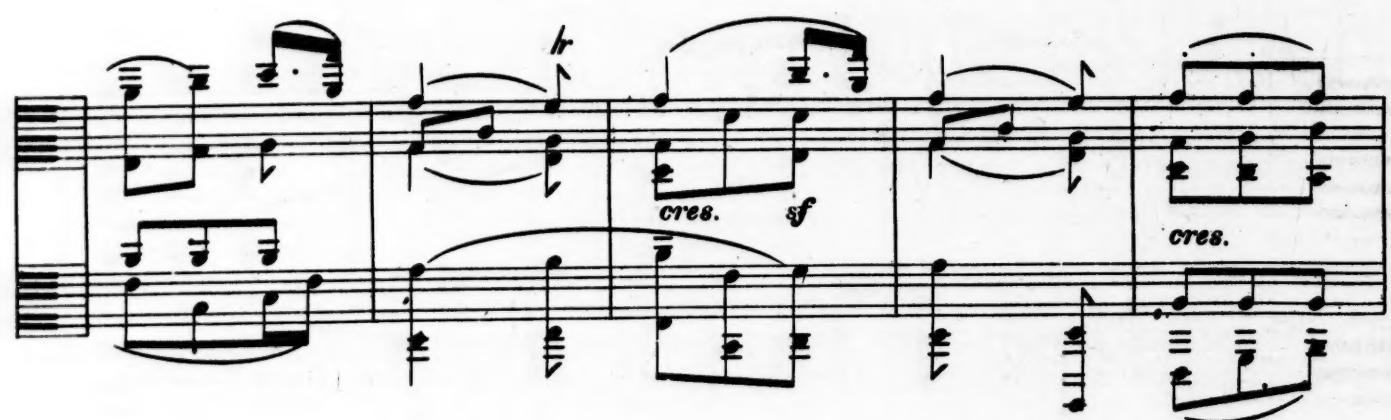
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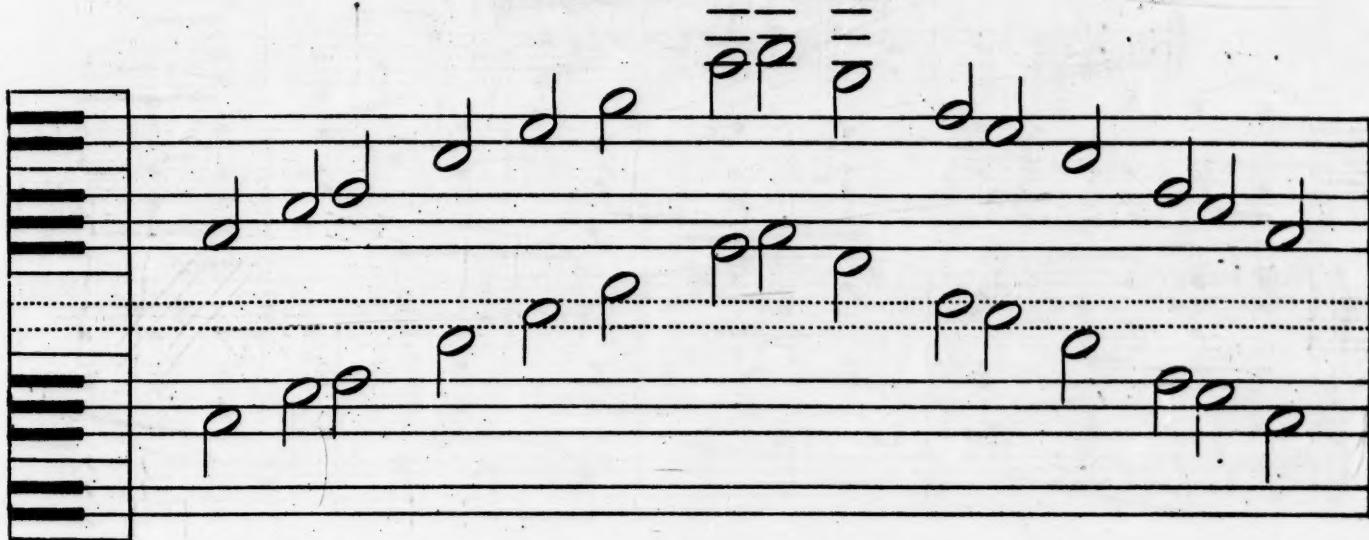
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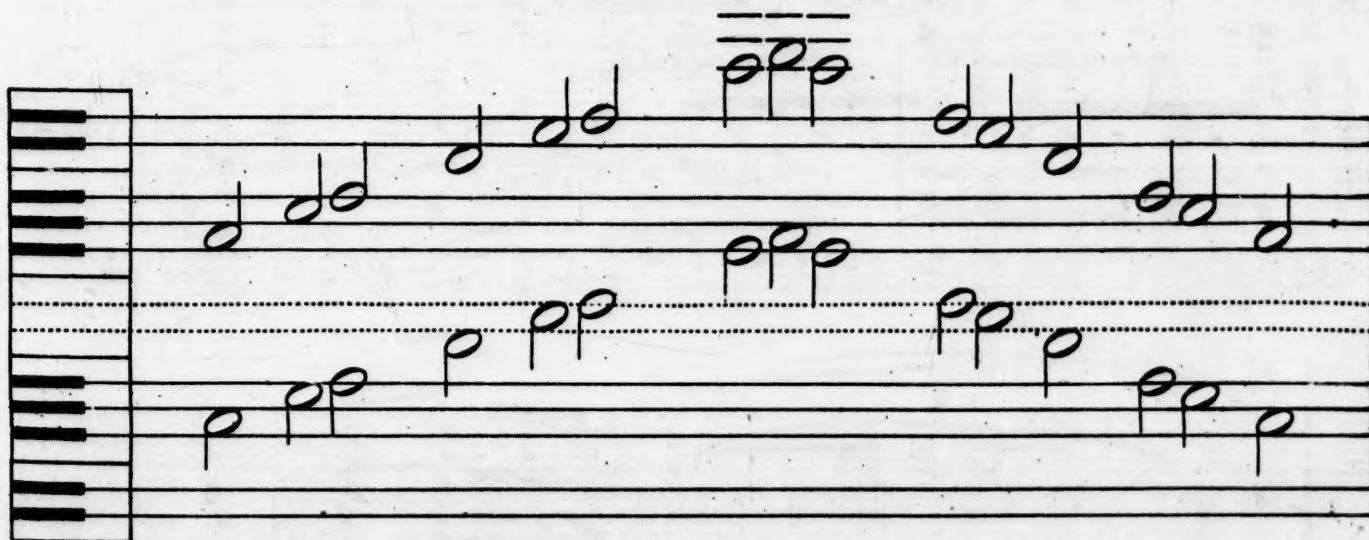
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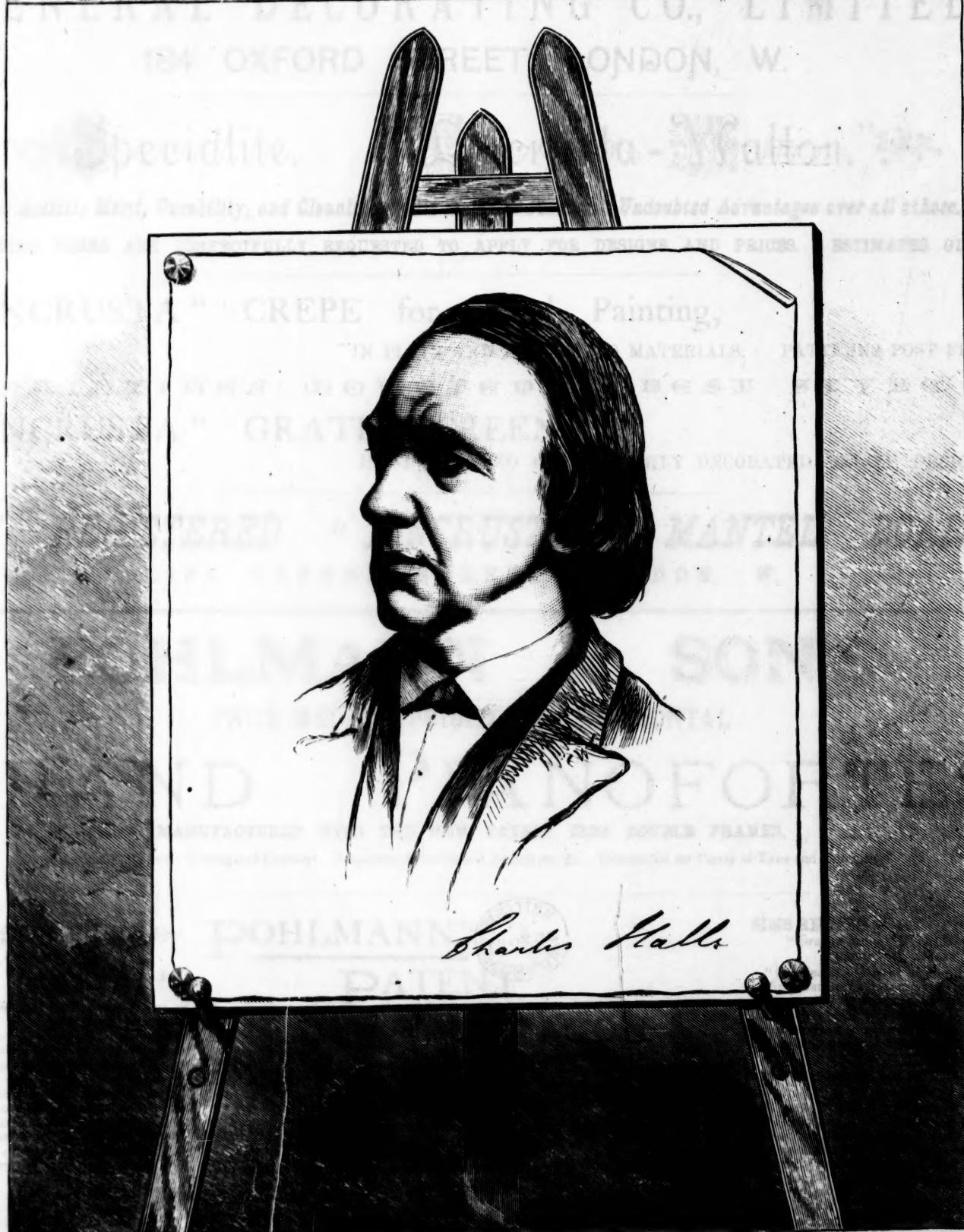
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